

High Times

October '77

\$1.75

GURUS

Rating the Top Ten

WEED

Crossbreed

COCAINE

Confidential

RADIO ETHIOPIA

by Patti Smith

FREAK BROS.

Halloween

SEXY

Creamy Dreamy Lingerie

20 TONS

Bahamas Bust

MYSTERY

Smuggling & Elaine's

NUGENT

Ted, Guitar Strangler

WHO TURNED ON WHOM?

Leary-Disney-Beatles
JFK-Dylan-Kerouac

Johnny
Rotten
and the sex pistols

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Mean
To Destroy Us
We'd Bloody Well
Better Destroy
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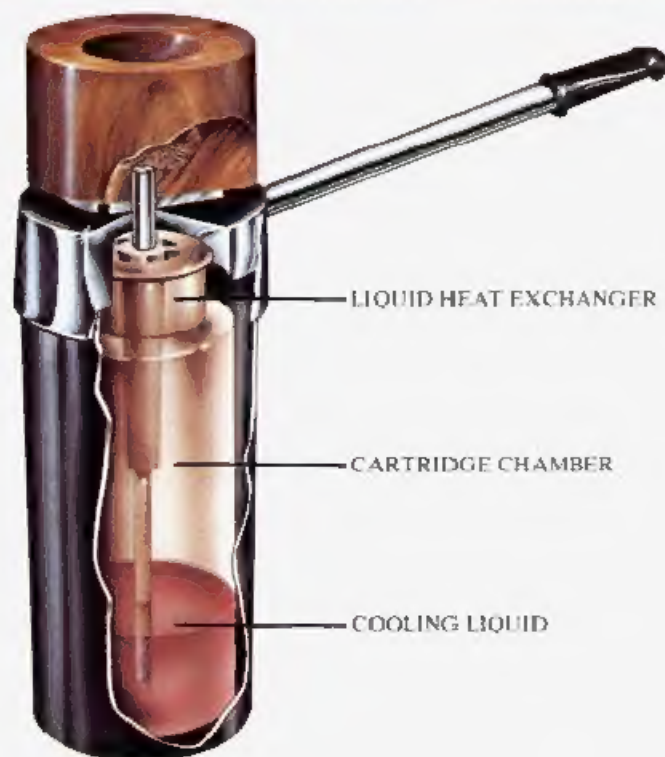
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H-10





High Times

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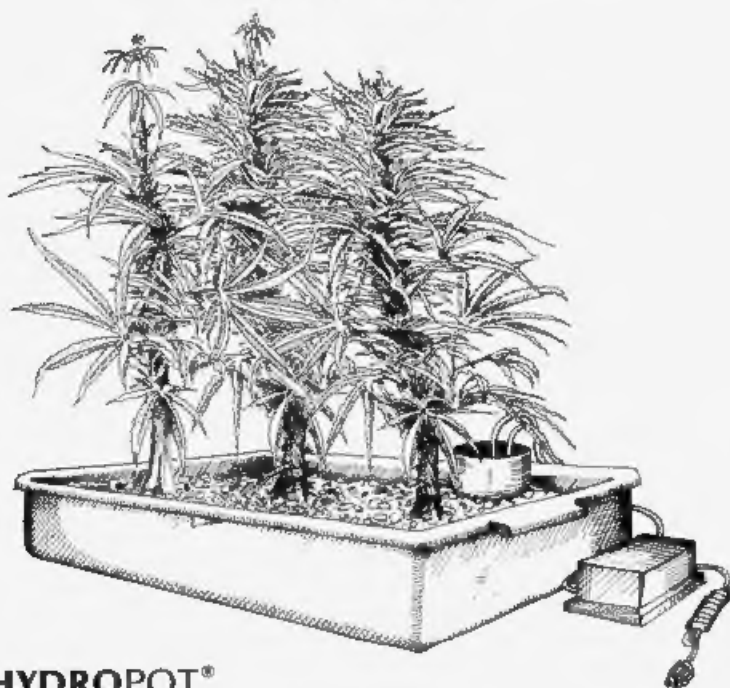
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High Times

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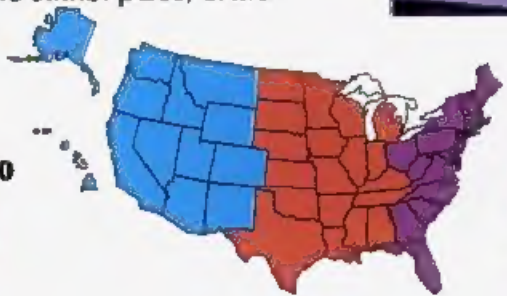
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Opinion

Why is Johnny Rotten on the cover of High Times? Radio Ethiopia



Radio station WNEW-FM canceled a live music broadcast of The Patti Smith Group after Patti made the following statement on the air.

Patti Smith: ...how alternative is this radio? i want to know how alternative this radio is, the first thing that happens when i walk in is that you tell me you don't have a bleep machine and to watch what i say, that's not alternative, that's the same old stuff. you notice i said stuff, being completely professional at this moment, but we have the total alternative to like your alternative radio, the radio that i represent...it's like we're outer

space people....we're just gonna come in...we're gonna zoom like a leech...gonna come in like right on a hand...take over NEW right now: all right, this is radio ethiopia, the total alternative...we're the alternative to WNEW's alternative to themselves, this way NEW is exonerated for anything that happens right now while we're on radio ethiopia, radio ethiopia doesn't necessarily enter your consciousness or your radio waves just to spew out obscenities upon you, it's just that radio ethiopia doesn't consider it to be the first move in any movie...is like to worry about our nations...americans...rock 'n' roll...our art forms, best slang terms. it's like jean genet got out of prison, the french let jean genet out of prison for heralding the slang and preserving the slang of the french people, wherein you're asking me to like censor the slang from the people, but you know, fuck the slang, i'm not worried about the slang...i mean it doesn't matter, the slang, what you want to talk about is food, what you really want to know is about wheat...what i feel if there's a lot of people that care about rock 'n' roll and really believe in rock 'n' roll, or just believe in like evolving or revolving or getting us all to a point where we don't have to worry about gender, race or country...where we do have harmonious rhythm...the way we do it is to take over the wheat, the way we do it, as i see it, is that rock 'n' roll realizes the power it has...is that it's getting powerful all over the world, you just did a european tour, i just did a european tour, we both see it in our own way, but what we see is that rock 'n' roll is becoming a bigger and bigger factor...a bigger sanction and a bigger freedom...a bigger lung all over the world than it ever was before. i mean, a little club like CBGB's...those kids are emulating that club in finland...all over the world there's like these bursts of power and bursts of pleasure. rock 'n' roll is being taken over by the people again, by young kids again, who don't want to hear about your digital delay. they don't want to hear about any of this stuff, they don't want to hear that they can't do an eric clapton solo. they just want to get out there and just get down on a rhythm. they want to crawl up like a dog or they want to rise up. they just want to feel something, and it's these kids you know...this is the art form...this is the art of the future and these kids, these stigmas to god, are gonna rise up and take care, what we should do is just take over the wheat...we should look at our power, relax, understand that rock'n' roll is becoming more and more powerful...it like indirectly helped elect some guy into the presidency of the united states and we should like really exonerate and be happy about this power and do it for the good of mankind...take over the wheat and give it to the people for free. if ethiopia calls up and says we need wheat, we don't ask them what color they are or what their favorite A-what they're listening to on their radios...they don't have to have an AM station...or any particular station...14 stations of crosses...they don't have to do nothing but be hungry and if they're hungry, you feed the people, that's all.

Harry Chapin: well, that's our classic patti smith monologue...

Patti Smith: ...no, that's just me stopping by...when, when will you be landing

Patti Smith

Radio Ethiopia, P.O. Box 407, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016 (printed matter-S.A.S.E.)

Patti Smith

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 _____ vials of "HASHISH" 6.00
 Add 1 lid of Volupte' **FREE**

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Toadstool Pigeon

It seems our National Wildlife Federation is concerned with more than endangered species like the Kirtland's warbler. Thanks to your December 1976 issue, I was able to identify the toadstool under



the warbler's tail in this picture as *Amanita muscaria*. Our town library uses these Wildlife Federation commemoratives as bookmarks.

—Don Asquith, Sturbridge, Mass.

The Unkindest Cut

I think Dr. Wollman's idea of giving females circumcisions [*High Times*, "Sex," June '77] is fantastic. If it were generally done, all you narcissistic cock worshipers could continue to beat off in the lady of your choice without that vague shadow of guilt about her pleasure which now taints your own. Of course, the few lovers among the male population would not be affected. They have already got it down.

—Mary Perez, Aurora, Ill.

Broom Schtick

We of the International Society Devoted to the Exposition of Monumental Hoaxes As Shown Through Sorb Consciousness and Enlightenment believe the energy crisis is a myth created by the devil. For several years now, both the invaders and the Prince of Darkness have conspired to bring America to her knees with a lie. Communists under the pay of Black Wizards are subverting the public morals with negative propaganda, driving prices up and faith down. The only solution we see to this mass illusion is to squander energy. If we use as much energy as possible, we will prove there are illimitable reserves.

There is no doubt that the nuclear power protests such as the one at Sea-

brook are only a cover for a convention of witches, extraterrestrials and pervers who meet with the devil to plot anti-American activity. Too many have been seduced by Satan and his minions.

—Christopher Schiller, William T. Anderson and John Kently, Easton, Conn.

Please Pass the E-Z Widens

Lauds to Deanne Stillman for her "How to Get High and Influence People" in your June issue. It's high time someone inform the masses of correct social behavior in the drug world. Getting ripped and keeping a relatively good sense of cool are essential to one another.

—Robin Pozniakoff, San Pedro, Ca.

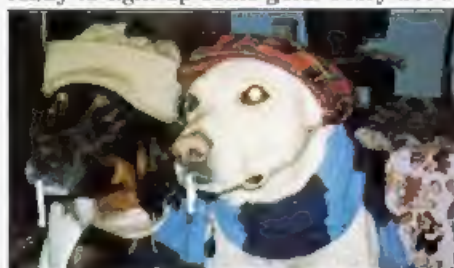
Yip for Joy

It was a joy to see Dana Beal's picture in front of the new nation flag in your June issue, and I have to say that your interview with him really blew me away. I share Dana's belief of culture-building with radical politics. As Abbie Hoffman once said, "A revolution in consciousness is an empty high without a revolution in the distribution of power."

Carter doesn't fool me for a minute, either. The yuppies are beautiful for exposing him and his administration's membership in Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission. I always look forward to receiving my copy of the Yipster Times, and I dedicate my next toké from a bong to YIP! —Dragonfly, Pennsauken, N.J.

They Never Asked for Milkbone Again

Here's Ely and Jakon, our answer to Customs' dope-sniffing Alsations, getting ready to light up some gold. Sorry about



their wardrobe, but they never seem to get the colors right when they're stoned, especially with eyes like these.

—Dinky, Debbie and Sandy, Wayne, N.J.

Webbed Feat

While poring through a volume of forgotten lore entitled *Vitology*, I came upon the following passage penned in 1926 by Frank M. Colwell: "The cobweb of the spider is said to be almost a specific for

fever and ague. When rolled into an ordinary-sized pill, two or three will be generally sufficient to effect a cure.... It is also very valuable in asthma and will check the bleeding of wounds.... It is recommended in wakefulness, spasms and nervous excitements and generally produces the most delightful state of body and mind tranquility, given in doses of four or five grains three times a day."

If this unique herbal hasn't been mentioned yet in your magazine, I think Mr. Colwell might send a lot of heads running to their spider-infested gardens and out-houses.

—Jack Crack, Booger County, Ark.

Mama's Boy

In your July feature, "Natural vs. Chemical Highs," Bruce Eisner states that "not everyone could get peyote or



mushrooms." Well, I've never grown anything before in my life, but these were easy, and with a total investment of only \$15. I don't know who Eisner's connection is, but mine is Mother Nature from now on.

—Convert in Colorado

Canadians Bakin'

The statement that "after God made the pig, the rat, the weasel, he made the Canadian," [*High Times*, "Lines," June '77] is resentful to me and my Canadian friends. A statement this generalized is as idiotic as saying "All Americans are dumb Yankees," just because our government is as fucked up as yours doesn't give you the right to judge all Canadians with our politicians. It isn't my doing that your magazine was banned from Ontario, nor was it Canada that started the war in Vietnam and destroyed pot crops around the world.—P. Veitch, Blenheim, Ontario

Fixed

In your June "Health" item on bio-rhythms, Dr. James Fix appeared to be one of those researchers who starts out with a result, then sets out to prove it. And he may not have found any correlation between performance and body rhythms because the correct cycles are 23-, 28- and 33-day periods, and not 28, 33 and 38.

—Carl Alvea, Grand Junction, Colo. Sorry, our typo. Dr. Fix used the right cycles; we used the wrong numbers.—Ed.

Thai in the Saddle

When we're not working cattle up here in northern California's grape and grazing country we sometimes hang around the bunkhouse doing research. Why, just the other day we were conducting uncon-



trolled tests to find out which of these weeds is better—the homegrown sinsemilla or the Thai sticks in the center. Results are fascinating and show the need for more research.

—Space Cowboy, Potter Valley, Ca

Pot and Power in Polynesia

I most strongly protest the recent actions of the state of Hawaii [High Times, HighWitness News, September '77] and the police departments of Maui and Kauai in their destructive expedition of the marijuana plants on the islands. The methods being used by this state parallel those being used by Mexico to harass the population and expand the control of the party in power. When public money is wasted on such purges instead of being used to fight violent crime and theft, it is an act clearly against the will of millions of Americans and a danger to personal liberty.

—Mark Newly, Antioch, Ca

Does Deep Choate Eat It?

Unless Gilbert Choate is a woman, I doubt he's the world's champion pussy eater. [High Times, "Sex," July '77]. He is also a sexist. It's never hard for me to find someone to enjoy sex with. I sleep with both men and women, quite a few on both sides. And I prefer women to men, even though I sleep with more men since they're so easy to have for just sex with no ties. Still a woman can offer so much more to another woman, but men will never understand it because they are unwomen. Hopefully men will change. If not, hopefully women will realize we do not need men, though they try to make us believe that if we don't we're sick.

We, the gentle high people, will overcome. We've always been here, but now we must come out and be counted. We can't let excuses for humans like Anita Bryant oppress us.

—Jean Bursch, San Francisco, Ca
Gilbert Choate replies: I sleep on my back, with my mouth open.

Parcel Piracy

I just wanted to warn your readers against using the United Parcel Service for shipment of their herb to a distant market. We just gave up for lost a three-pound package of Colombian en route to the West Coast. Just after the package was turned over for delivery, we learned that we weren't the only suckers, they also confiscated a friend's package containing both coke and toot.

—J. A. S., Gainesville, Fla

Forever Blowing Bubbles

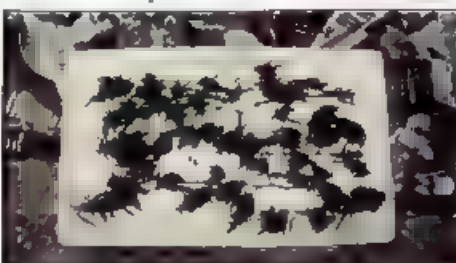
A small but dedicated group of New Jersey researchers has been three years at trying out many assorted bongos with very devoted use. For the common good, these suggestions are presented from our findings. Accumulations of resin will make a bong useless in time, so make sure your choice can be easily cleaned—that is, without small, curved piping, tiny holes or tubes less than a half-inch in diameter. Beware of leaky bottoms, especially the snap-on kind. Remember, anything screwed on with time, gets screwed up.

The ideal bong has a good, balanced base, doesn't break too easily, has a straight, wide neck, no small tubes, no leaks, plenty of water room, a pull-off bowl and an easily found carburetor hole.

—Christopher Borneman, Short Hills, N.J.

Hemphusker

This dynamite 11-month-old Colombian sinsemilla was grown entirely in my spare bedroom in plain old domestic Kansas.



There is so much resin on it, I hated to lay it down for the picture.

—Name and address withheld

Correction

On page 44 of our July issue's "Natural vs. Chemical" debate, we mistakenly attributed to Andrew Weil the following remark, which was actually made by Bruce Eisner: "Government repression has created a situation in which synthetic drugs are prepared by the underground and are impure and unreliable in general." It seemed like a good idea at the time and it fit the layout, but now we're truly sorry and hereby apologize to Dr. Weil, Mr. Eisner and our loyal subscribers. ☐

"To say this album is destined to become a classic is an understatement."

RECORD REVIEW MAGAZINE



"I am grateful to be living during the time of their creativity!"

Kal Rudman/Friday Morning Quarterback

"The energy of the live tracks and the presence of the 'new' material should win the band AOR and top 40 playlist positions!"

Cash Box/May 26, 1977

"The concert sound is solid... this set provides a new angle of vision on the soft vocals—lush synthesizer style that made the Moodies a top world-wide attraction!"

Billboard/May 28, 1977

"This live package is further testimony of their tremendous popularity for more than a decade!"

(Ace Adams)/New York Daily News/June 24, 1977

"The new material ranges from very good to excellent!"

Variety/June 8, 1977

"Essential for hard-core (Moodies) fans!"

Syracuse News-Times/June 26, 1977

"Seldom does one hear an almost flawless album like CAUGHT LIVE + 5!"

Record Review

"The live portion of the album is a true delight!"

The News-Enterprise/June 10-12, 1977

"A melodic mellow must for Moodies maniacs!"

Kite-Schneckady, New York/June 15, 1977

The Moody Blues Caught Live + 5

on London Records & Tapes





Grounds for Label

Q: I love good coffee, but I seldom have the time to brew it from scratch. How is instant coffee made, and why does it taste so poor compared to fresh ground?

—Jerry Skrubetzky, Marshall, Pa.

A: The longer coffee is brewed, the more its solids dissolve. Most types taste best when about 19 percent of their weight is extracted. To keep costs down, however, instant coffee is made from a concentrated brew in which 50 percent of the bean is dissolved, often by high-pressure methods that reproduce the horrible taste of boiled coffee. After the water is evaporated, the remaining "coffee granules" contain far too much of the bitter substances that are better left in the grounds. The freeze-drying method is an improvement. Though still too bitter, the result does retain some of the aromatic oils that delight the nose of the true beanhead.

Coca Nuts

Q: Your photo of Mallinckrodt cocaine [High Times, "Letters," May '77] has provoked a debate among coke-law prisoners in jail here. Some say medical toot is extracted from coca leaves, while others swear it's synthesized in the lab for greater purity. Who's right? If it's synthesized, where can we find the procedure?

—Name withheld, Vandana, Ill.

A: Both street and legit cocaine are extracted from the leaves. Synthesis is difficult and expensive, but procedures can be located through the Chemical Abstracts or in numerous underground sources.

The United States is the world's leading legal importer of coca—220 to 275 tons a year, a major chunk of Peru's annual "white market" export of 625 tons. The only American company licensed to extract cocaine is J. T. Baker & Co. of Chicago. Merck and Mallinckrodt distribute it. After extraction, the snortless leaves are shipped to the Stepan Chemical Company in New Jersey, which makes coca flavorings for Coca-Cola and other products.

Gimme Shelter

Q: My wife and I just bought some land in western Pennsylvania, but as a result, we'll be too broke to build a house on it

for several years. Is there any kind of cheap, comfortable shelter we can set up as a summer house in the meantime? I mean really cheap, like under \$1,000.

—Herb & Ilene Manchester Schofield, Pa.

A: There are several low-cost habitats you can erect in less than a week for about \$500 to \$800 in materials. Most of these designs are based on native nomadic homes like wigwams and yurts. The basic 15- to 20-foot diameter yurt, or Mongolian round house, is light, airy and so easily heated with a central wood stove that you can live in it year-round, just like a Gobi herder.

Plans can be had from the Yurt Foundation (Bucks Harbor, Maine 04618) or from Len Charney's Build a Yurt (New York MacMillan, \$3.95). Sources for other structures include Dan Ljoka's Shelter (New York Manor Books, \$.95).



Illustration by John Plunkett

Ken Kern's The Owner Built Home (New York Scribner's, \$12.95) and Floyd Kahn's Dovebook 2 (Mother Earth Bookshelf, Hendersonville, N.C. 28739).

Tour de Forest

Q: The mushroom guides I have are too incomplete. Can you lead me to the best handbooks for telling fungal highs and food from poison?

—Helen Cassandropoulos, Troy, N.Y.

A: The best all-around guides, both hard-bound, are Orson Miller's Mushrooms of North America (New York Dutton, \$19.95) and Alexander Smith's Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide (Ann Arbor Univ. of Michigan Press, \$9.95).

Three or four serviceable paperbacks are out, including Magical Mushroom Handbook by Richard Miller and David Judelman (Seattle Homestead Book Co., \$2.95) and Gary Menser's Hallucinogenic and Poisonous Mushroom Field Guide (Berkeley And/Or Press, \$5.95). Richard Haged of Cloudburst Press, in Berkeley, has just released a good double set—Foraging for Edible Wild Mushrooms and Poisonous and Hallucinogenic Mushroom Field Guide (\$4.95 each).

Of course, if you're one of those people who only drive Cadillacs, you'll want The Agaricales in Modern Taxonomy by

pioneer Psilocybe botanist Rolf Singer. It's published by J. Cramer, Weinheim, Germany. The price—a cool C-note and a crisp fin.

Trained Fruit

Q: We have a tiny garden of vegetables and a few pot plants in our backyard, but lack of space keeps us from growing as much of our food and dope as we'd like. How can we increase our yield?

—Jane & Steve Laurencia, Alexandria, Va.

A: You must expand vertically when you run out of horizontal space. Vine plants like grapes, squash, cucumbers, peas, melons and berries grow better when they're made to climb. This frees garden space for carrots, beets, lettuce and other crops. Herbs and greens can also be grown in indoor or outdoor tubs, window boxes and planters hung from a fence or a branch of a tree. Good soil enriched with compost, manure, bone meal and fish emulsion, is essential in this type of intensive gardening.

Lady Madroña

Q: A friend who just returned from Mexico said he got off on a hallucinogenic brew made from a plant called madroña. Does it grow in the United States and, if so, is it legal?

—Kathy Bowles, Yuma, Ariz.

A: Yes on both counts. Madroña borracho as it's known in Mexico, is the familiar ornamental arbutus (*Arbutus menziesii*) beloved of California suburban lawns, its deep red bark and pink flowers contrasting with dark green foliage make it easy to spot. It's not exactly hallucinogenic, more like a sedative. The Aztecs named it *tomazquili* ("strawberry tree"), after its red fruit. They fed their pampered public officials a tea of the leaves and bark to relax them when they got tired.

Everybody Must Get Phoned

Q: Steve Long's fascinating article on Captain Crunch [High Times, June '77] mentioned a phone phreak newsletter called TAP and published in New York by Al Bell. They don't seem to have a phone listing, so how can we subscribe to this worthy rag?

—John Draco, Elk, Ca.

A: You can write to TAP at 152 West 42nd St., #418, New York, N.Y. 10036. Subscriptions are \$4 a year for 10 issues, or \$6 if you want it mailed first class in a plain envelope. Back issues cost \$.50 and T-shirts can be had for \$4.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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by Andrea Ambers

Sweet sex sucks. Tender is out, tough is in. Bonjour seductions are almost ramp, whereas bathroom blow jobs are coming up fast. Teens who used to nuzzle their boyfriends' class rings between their breasts now chain up their true loves' brass knuckles or plasticized prison records. Face it: punk sex is in.

Sex was once soft candle-lit and romantic. Now, "Sweetie" and "Honey Pie" have been junked for "Bitch" and "Slave." Heart-throbbing romantic flicks have lost popularity to cult punk like John Waters's ode to sexual hysteria *Female Trouble*.

The classic, rogue lover Rhett Butler once carried the trembling Scarlett up the spiraling staircase, whispering erotic euphemisms into her ear. Today, a modern-day Rhett would have to drag Scarlett down the stairs, slap her around and call her a runt a few times before he evoked even the mildest quiver of quim, so much for the classics. Actually, if you mentioned Clark Gable's name to an absolutely modern-day punk puss slouching over her make-up mirror in the vanguard of lowlife liberation, she'd probably say:

Yeah, him I remember, useta play rhythm with Tuff Darts.

An example of this growing punk-sex phenomenon is Shiv Bators. Bators is the lead screamer of a particularly rancid punk band called the Dead Boys. He wears skintight black leather pants, torn T-shirts patched together with Nazi hardware and becomes a sexual cesspool when he hits the stage. Writting like a lizard on meth, stroking his crotch and fondling his ass, he launches into one of the band's classics, "Caught with the Meat In Your Mouth." The song is a tacky tribute to punk-groupie Lydia Lunch, who has sort of sincere desires about wanting to become a rock star but now performs best with four musicians in the back seat of a checker cab.

When the Dead Boys are let loose usually at punkers' paradise, the Bowery-based CBGBs, she grovels gratuitously across the stage prepared, open-mouthed, to leap up and blow Bators should anyone fail to understand the lyrics. Bators, no beauty—envision an

Andrea Ambers is publisher of *Cheri* magazine.



Illustration by John Plunkett

rafin escapee from Bellevue's Dangerously Disturbed—never goes home alone. Considering the intensity of the sexualized groupies that are gravitating toward this punk scene, he's lucky to make it down the block zipped up!

Punk is primal, full of more passion, possibilities than Frank Sinatra even simpered at. Gorgeous Debbie Blondie, the original 'sex offender' whose juicy "You Look Good In Blue" never got too much FM airplay, has stated that one of punk's major contributions to American society has been the sex in the lyrics.

Nothing is forbidden now," she proclaims. "Everybody wants everything. I think sex is much more important than drugs because you can always have sex."

The raunch rebellion is happening fast. Meeting at malt shops has been replaced by "ment-beating" at rock clubs. Punk-sex rule number one: It's easy to get laid where punk is played. At the drop of a power-chord there could even be epic dry humps taking place in the ladies' room. This flamboyant fornication, however, has provoked one disgusted club owner to rip off his stall doors in disgust. Punkettes refused to be embarrassed and the heat

went on. Punk love has no pride.

Punk love has it that any warm-blooded girl creature who could get through a set by the Dictators. For example, without being riled up into a complete fuck frenzy must have dry ice in her loins. Never has erotic aggression been given such a green light in song or story.

The punk premise really is the bottom of the sexual revolution. "How nauseating!" one can respond. "How basic! Never has tough shit sunk so low!" Oh yes it has. For every lavender-lidded groupie caught with the meat in her mouth there's the rashy body lotteries we've all been through the casual sex that backfired into that morning after, is-that-really-me-in-the-mirror ache of the unfulfilled. "Let me tell ya what love is," shrieks Bators as he moves a vibrator up his inner thigh.

There is no doubt about it, our fantasy figures are becoming more exaggerated, more vicious, more extreme. Elvis's "Love Me Tender" is almost laughable now so pervasive has the punk—i.e. purely animal—erotic sunk into our consciousness.

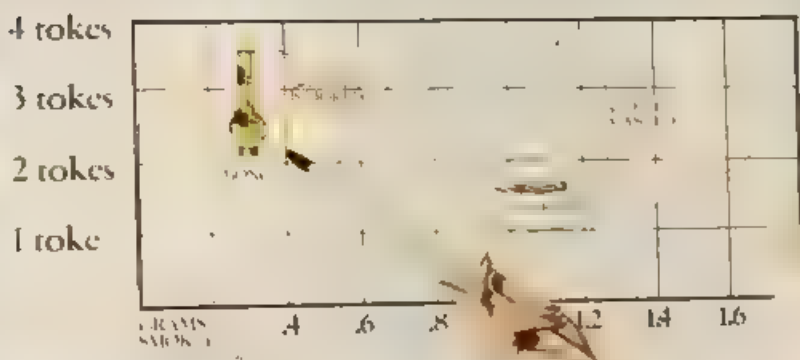
Get me off is the secret desire, or at least. Turn me on. "Find out who I am, get lost in the back seat of the taxi—maybe Lydia swallowed it whole." ■

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Media

by Deanne Stillman

I don't have anything against smut. I just think it's stupid. All this talk about Larry Flynt and Al Goldstein and the First Amendment and how to have orgasms and 12-year-olds having orgies prevents us from getting to the really important issues—like why pornography is so dumb.

Look at the silly profusion of men's magazines. Have you ever noticed that the women in *Oui* are always washing themselves off? One month "Erica" was lathering up with a bowl of milk. The month before "Joan" was dousing herself with a pitcher full of water. The month before that "Suzanne" was showering with a garden hose. The month before that "Donna" was bathing in a mountain stream. The month before that "Sheryl" was sucking up a storm in a bathtub. Why one might almost get the idea that the editors of *Oui* think women are dirty or something.

Of course, one man's fantasy is another man's nightmare. The women we see romping through the pages of *GalGen*, *PentHu*, *Swank*, *Dude*, *Beav*, *Club*, *Pub* are likewise engaged in monomaniacal behavior. At *Penthouse* the girls are engaged not with the reader but with themselves in a tedious celebration of narcissism. For ever sitting in the same wicker chair, wearing the same string of ersatz pearls, hands hovering with threadbare feather in the vicinity of an erogenous zone, the *Penthouse* pet appears to be suspended in some sort of sexual coma.

Hustler's hang-up takes a Marxist bent. Each issue overflows with excrement, dirt, sweat, gore and other facts of blue-collar life. *Hustler's* popularity indicates that America is not the classless society everyone thinks it is. Writer Richard Neville correctly perceives it as the "servant's revenge." The trademark of the *Hustler* woman is, of course, her elongated labia. You don't see these in the other skin mags, so I assume that Larry Flynt's harem has simply put in a lot of time on the streets of Columbus, Ohio.

The relatively upper-class women of *Playboy*, Helmut Newton's *White Women* and Bloomingdale's lingerie catalog are the exact opposite of Flynt's, aloof, inactive and ineffectually abused. When bound or gagged, the

women look the same as when unbound and ungagged. Bored, to put it another way. Dead, to put it another. The "women" of *White Women* especially so in Newton's painstakingly constructed Dachau-via-Florucci settings.

Somewhere in the middle of the flesh mag derby runs *Gallery*, with its immensely popular "erotic" photo contest in which readers are invited to submit revealing pix of their girlfriends...or past girlfriends...or mothers-in-law...or who knows? If the do-it-yourself photos *Gallery* published are really authentic, then the girl-next-door is no longer the unattainable blow-up doll invented long ago on the pages of *Playboy*, but a pockmarked bowling queen eager to score big with an ever-turgid Middle America. Certainly this, with all the leveling impact of Ramada Inn room design, is egalitarian as can be, but I wonder if it's what Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he wrote about the pursuit of happiness.

Which all boils down to a preponderance of sexual stupidity masquerading as hipness. The reason that everything from *Hustler* to *White Women* to X-rated movies star-

ring girls in trainer bras comes off as being hip is because everyone is comparatively hip these days. Everyone is for the First Amendment. A few years ago many people didn't even know what the First Amendment was. Everyone knows a president of the United States can tell lies.

Even in Indiana they know what a schmurk is," comedien Dick Shawn recently remarked. Why, even Larry Flynt is pontificating about gay rights. Next thing you know, *Overdrive* magazine will be publishing the poetry of Rod McKuen.

The problem with all of this is that none of the current array of smut is truly hip. And I'm not so sure that there is such a thing as enlightened smut, but that's another matter. Male editors at *Oui*, although younger than the skin mavens at other magazines, think women are dirty and ought to wash themselves off; the guys at *Hustler* think women are dirty but should be left as they are, the gang at *Gallery* thinks Everywoman should at least be an also-ran in a spread-shot contest, and the Nazi fetishists—both queer and straight—like their women dead entombed in a pair of Charles Jourdan platform shoes.

Like I said, smut sure is stupid, so f it? ☺



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"Saturday Night Live" is about to go print. Chevy Chase and Conehead aficionados will soon be able to buy the best of NBC's hit show in a book being edited by **Anne Beatts**, one of the show's writers. Beatts, who coauthored the book of women's vults, **Titters**, says to look for it in the fall.



Ann Beatts. From *Titters* to scripts while Conehead fans wait.

Paraphernalia tycoon and jack-of-all-trades **David Hove** is moving Thai Power to the Orient. Hove, who in 1973 authored *Cannabis Alchemy* and shortly after that devised the isomerizer, a machine capable of concentrating cannabinoids, will soon open a plant in Hong Kong.

Despite continuing opposition from the French press, punk rockers are gaining popular approval in France. Having been banned from the airwaves, called "packaged crap," "Nazi Fascist" and "counter to the long haired left," punk rock groups are becoming the hottest wave in the night clubs of Paris. Leading exponents of French punk are the **Stinky Toys**, a four-piece group which has just recorded their first album. "We just signed up for three years and are not complaining. They gave us an advance of 10,000 liters (2,200 gallons) of beer and we'll get seven percent of the royalties," says **Ellie**, the female singer for the Toys. The French should at least find an ounce of relief in the fact that the Toys sing in English.



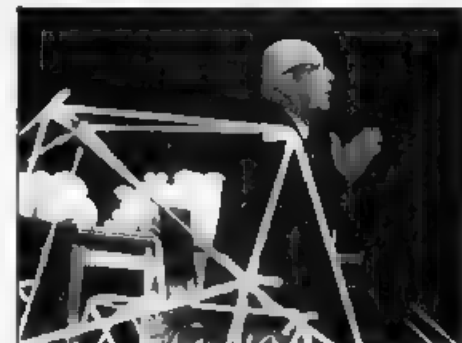
Country Porn's Chavin and twin nymphets **Donna and Diane Valay**.

San Francisco has hatched a hot new act threatening to undo such established titillators as New York's *Let My People Come* and the *Windy City's Puff*. It is the **Country Porn Band**, an eight-piece, X-rated rock and theatrical group that's burning up the underground. Media grousches have kept the lid on the group; one newspaper headlined a story: "Porn Keep Out." Flashing to the audience or

humping music, from his toilet-seat guitar leader **Chinga Chavin** and his group knock out such air-play no-nos as "Cum Stains on the Pillow," "Head Boogie," and *Kinky Freeman's* classic "Asshole from El Paso." Chinga, who wrote "Asshole," is being sued for copyright infringement by **Buck Owens and the Buckeroos**. Says Chavin, "We're the foreskin on the thrust of the sexist-social barrier."

Humanity's in a final exam, and if muscle still in control over mind in ten years, we'll flunk," warns **R. Buckminster Fuller**, still bent on changing the world into utopia after a 50-year career dedicated to that goal. Though working on a second edition of *Synergetics*, Bucky is on leave from writing to personally take his message to conferences and ecology fairs throughout the nation. His "message" is usually about four hours long—a mile-a-minute discourse that rambles through architecture, energy, economics, global political insanity and the subatomic structure of the universe.

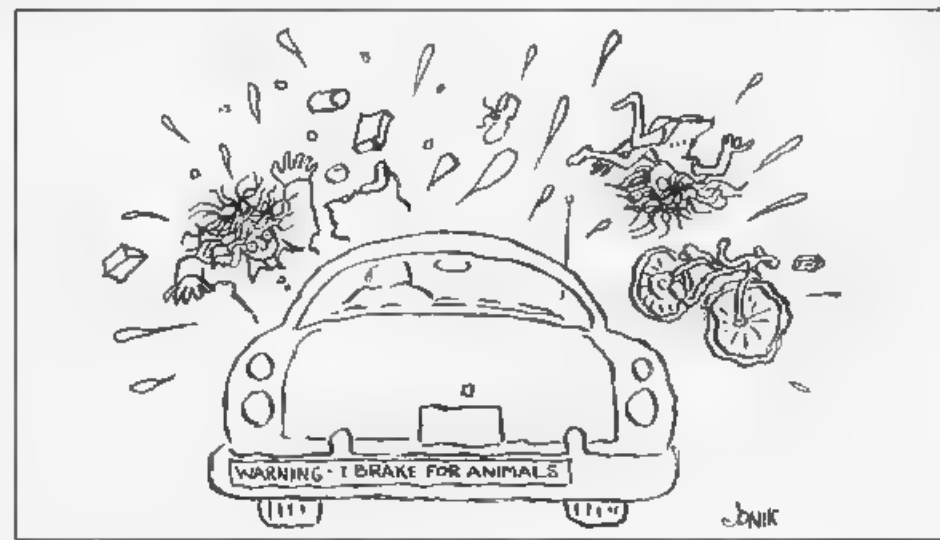
After an August-September vacation in Maine, the octogenarian humanist picks up a grueling pace through Illinois, New Mexico, Arizona, Missouri, Louisiana and



Buckminster Fuller. Humanity will muscle itself out.

California, ending with the Conference on Ecology, Economics, Energy and Everybody in San Francisco on October 23.

—Michael Chance



CLEAN HIGH

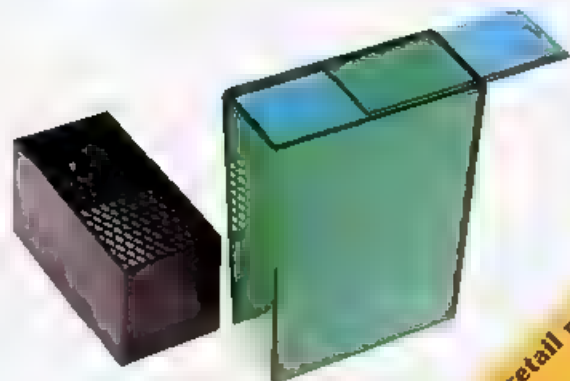


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NIGHTLINE NEWS

Oct. '77

No. 26

New York, North Carolina Scrap Pot Laws

Ninth, Tenth States Declare Pot Decrim

New York, home of the most Draconian dope laws in the nation, has decriminalized marijuana. In a dramatic and swift reversal of a defeat two months earlier, the legislature approved and Governor Hugh Carey signed a bill making the Empire State the ninth in the country to stop harassment of pot smokers.

The new laws make pot possession of up to 25 grams, 7/8 of an ounce, a civil violation punishable by a \$100 fine. Second offenders face a fine of up to \$200, and third offenders \$250 and/or 15 days in jail. In true compromise fashion, though, sentences for possession of more than 10 pounds of pot have been increased.

The final bill was a compromise among Manhattan Demo power house Stanley Steingut, pushed into it forcibly by an outraged Governor Carey after the first version died a Caesar's death: closet conservative Manfred Ohrenstein, famous for introducing and passing New York's anti-bleeping bill for the

Democratic convention last year and Manhattan liberal Richard Gottfried who got the ball rolling and was the bill's major backer. The compromise bill followed defeat earlier this year of a bill that everyone thought would pass. At the last minute several legislators changed their votes, killing the bill.



New York's Governor Hugh Carey announces at a press conference that his staff will review all cases of persons jailed for possession of marijuana and extend amnesty to some

Carey, his eye on the millions spent on marijuana law enforcement and prosecution and the thousands of people in overcrowd-

ed jails, put the knuckle on party regulars and behind-the-scenes movers to get a new version passed. Carey has promised a review of all jailed marijuana prisoners' cases with a promise of pardons for many. Current laws can land you in jail for seven years for one ounce. Last year 29,000 were arrested at a cost of from \$45-\$60 million.

Decrim Bonanza

New York's new decrim bill may reap a windfall profit for pot dealers, according to dealers and market observers. The new bill makes possession of up to 25 grams a civil offense with a \$100 fine. Lad dealers, accordingly, have begun peddling short ounces so that if they or their customers get caught in a shakedown, traffic accident, spot check or the like they will not be liable for the mademeanor count. A ready dealers are talking about the "baker's dozen," 17 lids to a pound. "It makes you wonder," joked NORML chief Keith Stroup, if the legislators didn't strike a deal with dealers to screw consumers.

N.C. Bill "Sneaks Through"

by Chip Berlet

North Carolina, in an unexpected move, has become the tenth state to stop jailing first-time pot offenders. Two days after New York's decrim victory, the state's legislature adopted a measure setting a maximum \$100 fine for first-offense pot possession of one ounce or less. Repeat offenders face a maximum \$500 fine and/or six months in jail. Previously first offenders faced a six-month sentence with two years for a second court appearance.

Sponsored by State Representative Alan Adams (D-Raleigh), the bill had 47 cosponsors and was supported by State Attorney General Rufus L. Edmisten, a former counsel on the Watergate committee. The legislation breezed through the House and Senate in just three days on votes of 59 to 36 and 26 to 12, respectively.

"It took a great deal of finesse and a lot of luck to prevent a backlash vote from developing," says Robert Stamps, who took over as state coordinator for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws in September of 1976—two years after NORML Director Keith Stroup first approached North Carolina legislators to introduce a bill.

"The legislature had just defeated the Equal Rights Amendment and a bill allowing liquor to be sold by the drink and it had just passed a puritanically ridiculous pornography statute before considering the marijuana bill, so we had to sneak it through," explains Stamps. "We sold the bill as a reduction in penalties, rather than decriminalization and I appeared on radio and TV talk shows with short hair and

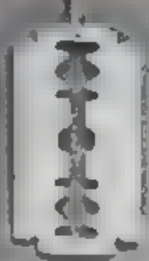
stressed ratonals issues.

Representative Adams said he introduced the measure because "our prisons in North Carolina are overcrowded and yet we were sending kids to jail for minor pot offenses. It just didn't make sense." The primary tactic in the lobbying effort was personal sessions with individual representatives rather than mass demonstrations.

Stamps told *High Times* that NORML's assistant state coordinator in North Carolina is an Episcopal minister "who believes prayer helped the passage of the bill." Eventual decriminalization is the group's goal, so they are planning some public prayer sessions to push for further reductions in penalties, according to Stamps. "That should have broad appeal down here in the Bible Belt," he said.

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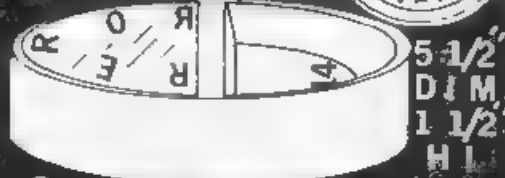
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Hubie Investigates D-Men

by Chip Berlet

The State Department's inability or unwillingness to help some 32 Americans held on drug charges in Bolivian jails has prompted Senator Hubert Humphrey to schedule hearings to investigate not only the Bolivian problem but also the entire U.S. overseas drug enforcement effort.

Coming on the heels of the controversy over the Mexican-American prisoner exchange treaty, which remains bottled up in Congress, the plight of the American prisoners in Bolivia caused several congressional questions over U.S. drug policies abroad, as administered by the Drug Enforcement Administration and the State Department's International Narcotics Control Program.

Said Humphrey aide Dick McCall, "We'll be sending a team to Bolivia in August to prepare a report and possibly use it as a case study in a larger look at international drug enforcement programs." The hearings before the Senate Foreign Assistance Subcommittee are expected to begin in the middle of September.

The Humphrey hearings come in the wake of Senate reports suggesting that antinarcotics funds controlled by the DEA and State Department are used to assist rightwing governments which use the money to implement brutal counterinsurgency programs.

The Senate's Accounting Office found there was "justifiable congressional concern" over misuse of the funds. The Senate Appropriations Committee said "It is not the purpose of the narcotics program to give the participating governments access to a continuous supply of free police equipment, much of which is possibly being used for purposes unrelated to control of drug traffic." This program was supposed to cut off the flow of narcotics into the U.S. But much of the aid goes to police agencies of rightwing dictatorships, including Argentina, which is not a major source of illicit drugs but is a leftist hotbed.

Hawaiian Heads Lose 12 Tons

Rumble in Isle of Paradise

Hawaii's joint military-police marijuana sweep has ended in a blitzkrieg of criticism. Island authorities uprooted almost 12 tons from the volcanic soil of Maui, Kauai and Molokai, carrying the pot by helicopter and jeep to burning sites on the beaches. No one was arrested in the five-day "Operation Destroy."

Before the raids, police announced their intent to break up "the big marijuana syndicates," but pot farmers and other Hawaiians are charging the cops concentrated on small, independent growers and left commercial growers alone—in effect, expanding the syndicate growers' crop market. Said one independent truck farmer, "They didn't touch the areas where the big commercial patches are. They just went for the small guys like me who only maintain their families with their profits." Another small-time grower added, "It's common knowledge that the syndicate-grown grass is on the west side of Maui, but all the raids were concentrated on the east

side, where the independent growers are.

Meanwhile a storm of outrage followed the almost hourly sweeps above populated areas by Coast Guard helicopters assisting the mission. Several pilots reported being shot at. Police have denied that their copters were involved in many of the shooting incidents, and a Valley Isle resident said pot farmers were making many of the flights themselves in an attempt to save what grass they could. The growers use helicopters to bring in fertilizer and take out the crop.

DEA Asks Record Budget

The budget projection for the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) for fiscal 1978 amounts to \$181 million. A 10-percent increase has been earmarked for a crackdown on pharmacists and practitioners who are peddling illicit drugs illegally.

Coke Most Expensive Cheap Thrill

Declaring that the only barrier between decency and a nation of coke-crazed addicts is the high cost of the popular powder, the U. S. government has released a study finding cocaine physically nonaddictive but among the most pleasant and powerfully reinforcing of all recreational drugs. Conceding that when cocaine is used in low doses it seldom causes effects other than euphoria, hyperstimulation and feelings of great power and mental clarity, the report nevertheless warned that "if cocaine becomes cheaper and more readily available, dosages will undoubtedly rise, and the more pleasant and dangerous aspects of the drug may become more apparent."

"The moderate hazard presently posed by cocaine in the United States may be the result of its high cost and limited availability," said Dr. Robert L. DuPont, director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). "The relatively benign picture presented by occasional use of small quantities might be markedly altered were the single euphoric illicit dose, now costing about \$10, available at the licit cost of about ten cents," warned DuPont.

The four-year-long study which cost \$4 million, was conducted by NIDA. DuPont admitted that the scientific community was still to a large extent "ignorant of the actual and potential health hazards posed by this fascinating substance, even though it was used by about two million Americans this past year."

In rare instances cocaine use can cause death, according to the report. "Despite the street lore to the contrary, death sometimes occurs even when the drug is snorted rather than injected," said DuPont. The number of documented deaths due solely to cocaine is very small—36 over a five-year period—and a number of these were suicides or smuggling accidents. Many were

people smuggling cocaine internally in balloons or prophylactics that burst open.

NIDA estimates that almost eight million Americans have tried cocaine at least once, and approximately one million have sampled snow in the last month.

DuPont said that until recently the use of cocaine "has been geographically restricted—primarily to the Andes mountains of South America where its leaves continue to be chewed by millions of Indians on a daily basis." The traditional use of cocaine is work related, said DuPont. "In fact, the most compelling analogy to Andean coca chewing is American coffee drinking as a work adjunct."



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"I Hate Marijuana"

Colombia's Numero Uno Narco

by A. Craig Copetas

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—"I've always had a strong personal hatred for marijuana," said Mario Alfaro Jimenez, director of narcotics enforcement for Colombia's dreaded Departamento Administrativo de Seguridad (DAS). "What I am doing is good for society, I am doing a productive task."

Mario Alfaro is the Peter Bensinger of Colombia. From the fourth floor of DAS headquarters Alfaro directs some 45 narcs on a never-ending quest for marijuana, cocaine and those that deal.

"The battle against marijuana and cocaine is a hard struggle," said Alfaro, who at 32 has been DAS chief for 18 months. "Our means are limited compared to the good vehicles, excellent armaments, superb radio communications and money that the exporters have

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High Times correspondent A. Craig Copetas and top Colombian narc Mario Alfaro Jimenez

Alfaro proudly displays a U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) logo pasted on his desk to intimidate. He studied narcotics enforcement at DEA training school in 1975. Before entering DAS in 1974 as a regular narc, Alfaro spent 12 years as a lieutenant in the Colombian army.

"The DEA taught me that the only positive effect of marijuana and cocaine were the profits gained by its trafficking," said Alfaro, a snub-nosed .38 Smith and Wesson stuffed under his left shoulder.

Alfaro's bust record is a hashish vision: eight tons of packed and pure gold popped in the Guapira in March 1976, 111 kevs of coke seized in Fontibón in January 1977, 138 kevs of pure tot nabbed in Bucaramanga in April 1977. Next to Alfaro's desk is 50 pounds of Llanos hash. In the next room is 50 kilos of

prime gold packed inside fake table legs once destined for Italy and the United States.

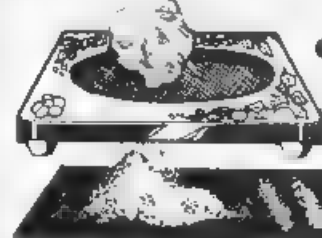
"This is nothing," he said. "I'm sincerely not in agreement with the legalization of marijuana. Marijuana contributes to delinquency, homosexuality and crime."

Colombia's number-one narc plans to hang up his gun and scale sometime this year. "It's ridiculous," he lamented. "This is a game where I am used like a clown. I bust them, they get released. There is corruption throughout the government."

Alfaro was certainly spot on about corruption in DAS ranks. A week earlier Captain José Antonio Cárdenas, until recently the DAS chief in the Santa María area, was busted at Bogotá's El Dorado airport carrying five ounces of cocaine. Cárdenas was dismissed from the DAS for "diverse irregularities."

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Jailed Yanks Concern U.S.

by A. Craig Copetas

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA. Foreign Minister Inacio Lizaro Aguirre has said he hopes his government will speed up the judicial process for some 80 Americans imprisoned here on a variety of grass and cocaine export charges. Many of the imprisoned Yanks have waited more than three years to stand trial.

The foreign minister's comments came during the visit of first lady Rosalynn Carter who had been briefed on the prisoner situation prior to her two day visit to Bogota. Although Mrs. Carter refused to answer specific questions concerning the prisoners, Assistant Secretary of State Terence Todman revealed that he was personally pressuring Colombian officials to demand fair and speedy trials for the prisoners.

"For us it's a question of getting these people into the courts," said Todman, a specialist in Latin American affairs who accompanied Mrs. Carter on her seven-nation trip. "I have mentioned the prisoner problem over and over and on every official level. We will not be satisfied until these Americans

stand trial," Todman said.

Mrs. Carter and Colombian officials also discussed the booming marijuana export business that will exceed \$15 billion in revenue this year. No details of the discussions were revealed, but sources here said that Mrs. Carter briefed Colombian President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen on marijuana decriminalization in the United States.

Moments before Mrs. Carter arrived at El Dorado Airport, the grass-rich Guajira district of north-eastern Colombia was placed under martial law following the discovery of the world's largest known marijuana plantation. The Colombian army, navy and crack F-2 narcs established 24-hour shoot-on-sight patrols throughout the desolate outback and rugged coastal regions.

Heavily armed troops man roadblocks established at Banica, Camarones and Santa Marta.

The main highway from Riohacha to Santa Marta has been cordoned off and all vehicles are being stopped at gunpoint to be searched for marijuana, cocaine and weapons.

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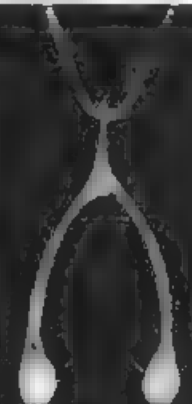
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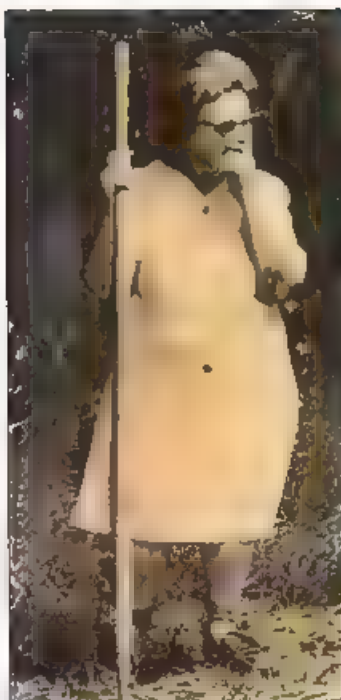
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C'est la vie reflects Mrs. Ouida Parsons of Tecumseh, Oklahoma, after feds swept into her garden and seized her pretty red and white flowers. Cops say the beautiful flowers she's been growing for 40 years were unknown to her, opium poppies.

Americans Favor Decrim

Americans approve the decriminalization of marijuana by a 46-percent plurality, according to the latest Harris Survey. With 44 percent dissenting, the figures mark the first time decrim has come out on top since the survey began polling the issue in 1969.

As recently as 1974, the public condemned decrim by 49 to 36 percent. In lieu of continuing state-by-state efforts to lower pot penalties, the poll reflects a distinct shift in American attitudes.

Regionally, the East and West Coasts are most in favor of decrim, 55 to 39 percent and 54 to 34 percent, respectively. The South still

opposes decrim 53 to 35 percent and the Midwest, 47 to 43 percent. Big city dwellers are more predisposed to decrim, 53 to 39 percent, than residents in rural areas, who disapprove by 56 to 35 percent.

Age-wise, those under 30 approve by 62 to 32 percent, and the over-50s turn thumbs down by 53 to 35 percent. College-educated Americans favor decrim by 60 to 33

percent, as do those not getting past eighth grade, dissent by 60 to 22 percent.

Since 1969 the rating of marijuana as a "very serious problem" has declined from 73 to 54 percent, but when it comes to legalizing the sale of the weed, a 64-percent majority of Americans disapprove. The survey was based on the opinions of 1,625 adults.

To Our Readers

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Interview

TED NUGENT



...why rock is alive, why
...essed out in Des Moines
by Glenn O'Brien



A Ted Nugent concert is an incredible musical experience, but that's just the beginning. While Ted and the boys are turning out some of the loudest, fastest and most furious sounds ever heard, the audience isn't just sitting there. It's going nuts dancing, humping, jumping, screaming, throwing fireworks, pumping fists in the air, setting fires and generally having a ball. It might look like mass psychosis but it's really just a lot of energetic kids kicking out the jams. And helping them do that is what Ted is there for. He thinks it's good clean fun.

But Ted's idea of good clean fun does have some unusual features. For one thing, this guy with the wild shoulder-length hair and buckskin clothes is no hippy. His hobby is hunting and his favorite food is meat he's killed himself. What's more, this most heavy metal of musicians hates drugs, from pot and acid to butts and aspirin. And if that wasn't enough, he's no liberal. Ted belongs to the National Rifle Association.

Ted Nugent Discography

The Amboy Dukes.

The Amboy Dukes (Mainstream)
Journey to the Center of the Mind (Mainstream)
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High Times: Ted, we hear that you

Nugent: It's true.

High Times: That you eat raw nails and afterbirth.

Nugent: Whew! Give me a break! Give young Ted the benefit of the doubt!

High Times: Okay, we want to do a different kind of interview.

Nugent: It's true. We want to approach the subject on a grown, earthy level. Not goat ticks and rock same as usual. Shout!

High Times: Well, where should we start?

Nugent: How about midstream?

High Times: Do you fish?

Nugent: It's true.

High Times: For what kind?

Nugent: Anything that'll grab the hook so I can have dinner, you know what I mean?

High Times: Yeah.

Nugent: I supply all the meat—I consider fish to be meat—that we eat at home.

High Times: What's your favorite fish?

Nugent: Bonito. Gaffed bonito flopping on a sunlit shore. No, I'd say my favorite fish is rainbow trout.

High Times: Do you fly cast?

Nugent: Yeah, but I'm not really good at that. I'm basically a bait fisherman.

High Times: Did you ever do any deep-sea fishing?

Nugent: Yeah, I did once, but I puked all day. I had a bologna and cheese sandwich with Cocoa Krispies before I went out and that is to be avoided. It was sad cause I love fishin' and here I was pukin' out my innards like a dog in heat. Disgusting. It was the roughest weather the captain said he'd dare take anybody out in. See? See how these things get started?

**"We took over the
fuckin' Chicago scene—
fist over fist
we had 'em socked.
The main thing
was the music.
It had to have
more balls than
12 bands."**

As soon as someone starts talking to Ted right away they talk about huntin', fishin'.

High Times: You started talking about fish, right?

Nugent: I said midstream and you said fish. I meant midstream in the vernacular of a rock and roll career.

High Times: Okay, we'll talk about that. When did you reach midstream?

Nugent: I was 14. I consider midstream to be when you got your teeth sunk into it and you got an idea what you're doing. I started playin' when I was 7 or 8, and I probably realized what I was doing and getting a meaning from the playing when I was maybe 10 or 11. I had my first band that played professional gigs when I was 11. And when I was 13 we played Cobo Hall in Detroit with the Beau Brummells, the Supremes.

High Times: What was the name of the band?

Nugent: The Lourds. L-o-u-r-d-s. Detroit rock.

High Times: Where did you get the name?

Nugent: Good question. A bunch of youths floatin' around, we thought we'd be clever and throw a u in the name. Lords. I had another band before that called the Royal Highboys because we wore high-boy collar shirts.

High Times: What are highboy shirts?

Nugent: How old are you?

High Times: Thirty.

Nugent: Thirty! God, you got two on Ted.

Anyhow, highboy shirts—the reason I asked was because I thought anybody near my age knew what highboy shirts are. Highboy shirts had real high collars, you wore a dickey with 'em. Snakeskin pants! Lookin' cool! It was the era of nook edom.

High Times: You first became famous with the Amboy Dukes. How did you make the transition from the Lourds to the Amboy Dukes?

Nugent: The Lourds were peaking in '64. We were doing our big concerts with the Supremes, the Beau Brummells, and we were getting ready to open up some shows for the Stones. And Ted was in heaven. All of a sudden my dad got transferred to Chicago. Oh my goodness! My brain was flanged, man! I went into a whole big revolutionary routine. No way was I doing to go and destroy the band. We had \$30,000 in equipment! I tried to thwart the move, but I couldn't do so. I bucked under my parents' demands—I was only 15—and I went to Chicago.

I can't tell you how pissed I was. My dad was against rock and roll anyhow. So I made up my mind right then that I was going to prove that it was a viable, honest, legitimate, good clean-fun, adventurin' life endeavor. And in fact I did.

I went to Chicago and I practiced and I practiced and I taught guitar and worked in a gas station to get my first Byrland—the Gibson guitar I use, I went to the different clubs. The Shadows of the Night were playin', and the Buckingham—remember "Kind of a Drag"? The Chicago scene was pretty cool—a lot of R & B, a lot of clubs and teen spots. I went around and found a couple of musicians, really pickin' 'em out and had a band.

That was the beginning of the Amboy Dukes. In late '64. We did every Stones song. I demanded that we play Stones music, note for note—every grunt identical, to Jagger's. I ran 'em like a sergeant runs a Marine boot camp. And within a year we took over. This is no allegation, this is a fact. We took over the fuckin' Chicago scene—fist over fist we had 'em socked.

We were the band to have at the teen spots in Chicago. We outdrew the Shadows of the Night, who were the item in the area. They had a big hit with "Gloria." And then it followed the normal course of events for a rock and roll band: this guy got drafted, he was replaced; this guy fucked up, he was replaced. We had a pace to keep up, and it was a pace unequalled on earth. I kept it up, and anybody who slowed down was out. I didn't just throw 'em by the wayside immediately when they fucked up. I gave 'em chance after chance. But if they were stoned at a bunch of rehearsals I had to eliminate 'em, 'cause the main thing was the music. It had to have more balls than 12 bands. We were implementing a new element in Chicago music, which was the volume and intensity with which we performed the music of the Stones, the Yaro.

birds, the Beau Brummells, the Beatles the Dave Clark Five

I had started writing a lot of songs—so basically when I graduated from high school in '67 I took the band, which now contained one Detroit guy from the Lourds, back to Detroit where I knew that we would do it to it. And there was an unbelievable scene in Detroit at the time: the MC 5, the Stooges, the Rationals, the Scott Richardson Case, Dick Wagner and the Frost. All great, unbelievable bands. And we came in and within two or three months, I swear to my children, we took it fuckin' over.

We were the first band in Detroit to record except Bob Seger, who had some singles. But we were the first band to record an album. And out of all those bands, today Bob and I are the only ones who still can do it to it.

High Times: Are any of the Dukes still around?

Nugent: Oh yeah. I've had so many different members. Some of 'em are playin', some of 'em are dead, some of 'em are priests, some of 'em are zombies.

High Times: Did any of them make it?

Nugent: Of course not.

High Times: Where did you get the name Amboy Dukes?

Nugent: When we had the Lourds there was another band in Detroit called the Amboy Dukes. When I moved to Chicago, I knew that the Detroit Amboy Dukes had disbanded, and I loved the name, so I used it. Back in that era Gary Lewis and the Playboys, or the Royal Commanders or the something something seemed to be the best sounding names. I didn't have the faintest idea what it meant. Of course later on I realized that it was a gang and a book etc.

High Times: Where was the gang from?

Nugent: Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Professional rapists.

High Times: Your first hit was "Journey to the Center of Your Mind" in 1968.

Nugent: Yeah, that came off the second album.

High Times: Were you doing all originals then?

Nugent: Mostly all originals. We'd still pick up on the really hot Cream songs, Hendrix songs, Who songs, and we still played a few Yardbirds songs, some Sam and Dave stuff, a couple of Joe Tex numbers. But I was gettin' deep into my own composing.

High Times: Did you do the R & B stuff straight?

Nugent: It was loud and raucous, but I dug the beat.

High Times: The Dukes lasted a long time.

Nugent: I first put the Dukes together in '64, and there was some configuration of the Amboy Dukes until 1975.

High Times: But for most of those years you were filling up big auditoriums, but not selling many albums. Why?

Nugent: Simple. Ted would sell out this hall, sell out that hall. My road schedu-

would have killed a normal human many years ago. But the record companies didn't have any brains. They were assholes, they were punks, they were twerps, they were shit eaters, they were snot suckers! They did not know what to do. I would sell out two nights at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago and there were no records around. There was no teamwork. I was doing it all on my own.

I had an incredible itinerary, and if anybody would have followed up with minimum efficiency we would have been in the top 15 guaranteed. Guaranteed! But nobody had the fuckin' brains to coordinate the distribution to my tours. I was sellin' out 12,000-seat halls when I first signed with Discreet. I'm a smart motherfucker, but I was dealin' with a bunch of saps.

So what Epic did was available to be done by anybody. I'll grant that my Epic albums are superior. Of course, I'm older.

**"I was
shot once
between the eyes,
but only one
pellet got me,
and I stopped it
with my skull.
That's why
I'm like this."**

I've got a better vocalist now. I'm writing better. The bands better. I'm not compromising one iota.

High Times: So when the Dukes hit with "Journey to the Center of Your Mind" in '68, it was the height of the psychedelic era. Did you consider the Dukes to be psychedelic?

Nugent: No, I was antipsychedelic. I was just so intense that it was interpreted that way.

High Times: Do you play any sports?

Nugent: Well, I think I could probably outrun and outjump anybody this side of the Mississippi 'cause I'm one athletic motherfucker. But I just don't pursue that. I just rock and roll, hunt, fish and that's it. I get a lot of exercise. I'm in top form. If this car were to swerve right now, I'd be out before we hit anything, rollin' down the highway savin' myself. I'd take my wife with me, though.

High Times: When did you get your driver's license?

Nugent: When I was 16.

High Times: What was your first car?

Nugent: 1963 Chevy Biscayne 283 four-door. I picked a hole in the muffler, wrapped it up with tape every time I drove near the house. I put two by fours

under the A frame so I got the front end way up. I took the air cleaner off. I painted the wheels chrome and the lug nuts black so I could do a big pit stop. And I painted the undercarriage canary yellow and put lights under the wheel wells, and every time I'd leave the house, man, we'd do the big T.N. pit stop. We'd pull off the side of the road and we'd jump out, jack it up, rip off the hub caps and expose the chrome, jack that mother up and put the two-by-fours under the A-frame.

I already had the grille blacked out with tape; my dad wouldn't let me paint it, so I put black tape over all the chrome. Then I put tape X's over the lights, don't ask me why. Then I'd take the tape off the mufflers so it'd Rrrrrrrroom, then I'd take the air cleaner off so it'd Fffvvvrrrrroom. Then I'd drive with my hand on the seat and shift with my knee.

And that thing was lit, man. We'd blow the shit outta 352 Fords constantly. The 283 would stomp ass, man. I literally destroyed it. We had to put like four cans of STP in a night, just to shut them tappets up. We'd leave the house in mom's grey car, and we'd transform that baby into one rollercoaster, like pronto, Tonto.

High Times: Did you ever get any tickets?

Nugent: I'm embarrassed. I'm much too on the ball to get caught this often. My driving record is like *Gone With the Wind*. If I could've only gotten a fuzzi-buster CB 12 years ago, Jack, I'd be home free. I had my license suspended twice, revoked twice. It was disgusting. Most of my jail time has been spent because of driving stuff. It's not like I get caught all the time, 'cause I constantly drive at twice the speed limit. But I can handle it.

High Times: What was your worst traffic offense?

Nugent: I was driving down the expressway backwards during rush hour and I got caught for reckless driving. But I wasn't reckless, I was beating the rush.

High Times: How many cars do you have now?

Nugent: I've got six cars. I've got a 1971 Mercedes Benz 280 SL—that is made for pavement cruising. A 1973 Chevy four-ton truck. A 1972 Ford Bronco guaranteed to rupture you, man. It's made for climbing walls. The thing is a destructo buggy. In fact, allow Ted to whip the pictures on ya. And then I've got a 1975 Bronco. I got 3½-million candlepower lights on top. If people don't turn their bright lights off on me, I can literally kick their retinas, burn their eyes right out at a quarter-mile.

And I've got a 1977 Lincoln Continental Mark V Pimp Special. I took the option page and took a magic marker and circled the fuckin' option page and said, "Bring it to Ted. I got the 460 V-8, and that thing screams, man. After the warranty's up, I'll take all the pollution stuff off and that thing'll kick ass."

High Times: What's your favorite brand of gasoline?



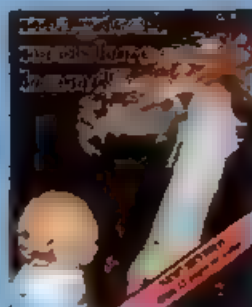
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Nugent: My favorite is Sunoco 200. But I'm really not that deep into cars.

High Times: What are you deep into?

Nugent: Rock and roll and huntin'.

High Times: Let's talk about hunting.

Nugent: Let 'er rip, man.

High Times: What do you hunt with?

Nugent: I hunt with a bow and arrow, handguns, rifles, shotguns, blowguns, spears and hands.

High Times: What's your favorite game?

Nugent: Let me whip out my huntin' pictures. My favorite game is this dead varmint here, called a wild boar. Here's four of 'em from the wilds of Michigan. They're running rampant up there.

High Times: Do you smoke it?

Nugent: I don't smoke. Yeah, we smoke it. Roll it up in little joints. It's great meat like real sweet tangy ham.

High Times: What pound how do you use it?

Nugent: Use a 65 pound bow.

High Times: Do you shoot from a blind?

Nugent: Sometimes. I usually just walk through the woods.

High Times: Did you ever get shot at while you were hunting?

Nugent: Yeah, I been shot in the head. That's why I'm like this. I was shot once between the eyes by a 12-gauge, but only one pellet got me, and I stopped it with my skull.

High Times: What's your favorite kind of meat?

Nugent: Bison. And duck. Duck is the best.

High Times: How do you cook it?

Nugent: You take a match to that fucker. Here's a picture of my boy. That's my biggest trophy yet. There's my boy and my girl. Sasha's 3½ and Toby's seven months. Would you believe he was walkin' yesterday? He cruised from the couch to the table. He'll be quail huntin' this fall.

High Times: Who do they look like?

Nugent: My German shepherd. No, they look like Sandy and me. Hybrid stuff.

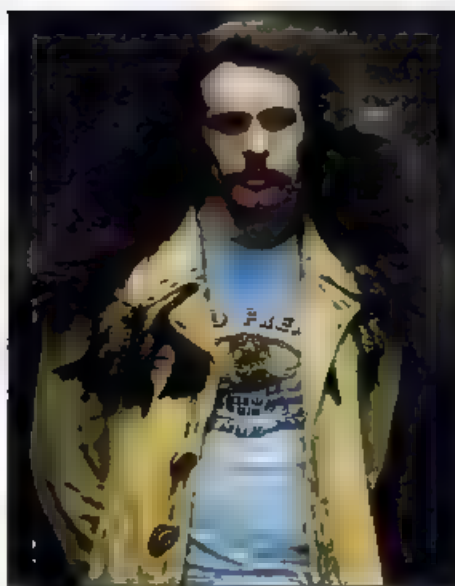
High Times: How far can you shoot something with a bow and arrow?

Nugent: You can shoot an arrow 1,000 yards, but I wouldn't shoot anything over 10 yards, and that's pushin' it. You want to hit it in a killin' area. Basically most of the big game I kill is within 20 yards. When you hunt with a bow and arrow, the emphasis is on the hunt. You've really got to be a predator. You've really got to get in there. If I don't kill something with a bow and arrow all year, I can whip out my rifle and get a deer that night. I mean, if I can see him I can get him. But with a bow and arrow, you see him and you're just startin'. You got to sneak up on that mother-fucker, and there ain't nothing smarter in the world than a white-tailed deer. Makes a man look like a real dip, which man is.

High Times: Did you ever hunt bear?

Nugent: Yes. This season I'm going to Alaska for grizzly, and in April I'm going to Africa for Cape buffalo, rhino and elephant, with a bow and arrow.

High Times: An elephant with a bow and



"Punk rock is an attempt to recapture the essence of the beginning of rock and roll. It's not really available. Too many punk rockers think about what they're doing."

arrow? Can that be done?

Nugent: I'll let you know.

High Times: Are you still allowed to shoot elephants?

Nugent: Allowed to, hell, the fucking government pays hunters to go out and wipe 'em out every year. The poaching of ivory over there is bad. In Kenya they stopped the huntin' of elephants because of the poachers. But up until two years ago the government paid professional hunters to go out and shoot three or four hundred. The elephant herds were rampaging on the natives' farms. They'd have to thin the herds.

I'm going to Botswana and Sudan. I'll be concentrating on the plains game: oryx, gazelle, kudu, gemsbok. But in Botswana I'm gonna put some effort into real dangerous game. Mostly Cape buffalo. Elephant, I won't even shoot at one unless I can get 25 yards away and it's perfectly clear that mother don't even know I'm there, and I can just draw down, take my time and sink that arrow right in his heart. It's got to be the ultimate shot 'cause I don't want them prickles comin' this way.

High Times: Did you ever lose anything you shot with a bow and arrow?

Nugent: I lost one deer. I can't be sure that deer died. My arrows are so sharp, if you hit a vital area that mother's gonna bleed so bad it's gonna die. If you don't hit a vital area, the arrow's so sharp it's like a razor cut, and the blood will coagulate

and it'll repair itself.

Four years ago there was a deer in Los Angeles County that was hit by a car, and when they performed an autopsy on the animal they found an arrow going right through the center of the brain. It had been in the deer for three years. It was a perfectly normal, healthy deer, because the arrow was so sharp that it made a clean cut and healed over.

The reason I kill my own animals is so I don't have to be part and parcel to the modern day mass slaughter of penned up game. Gimme a break! Modern man's ways are diabolically cruel and sinful! Also necessary, but I won't be part of it. My way's the right way.

High Times: No more bologna?

Nugent: We make our own. Usually the bologna you get is basically snout, udder and groin tissue. It has no meat value whatsoever. Not ours, man.

High Times: So, how did you get your first guitar?

Nugent: My first guitar I was just a youth, oh, seven or eight, and my aunt was an airline stewardess. Intriguing story, and she came off the plane with a left-on guitar, a little acoustic job with palm trees and a hula girl on it, and gave it to young Ted. And I commenced to bash away at it. And I would mimic Elvis on it, in the basement at family reunions. Got dimes tossed at me. Scoop that stuff up, you know what I mean? Then my dad got me my first electric when I was about ten. And I had my first band. We played in music class, recitals and a couple bar mitzvahs, nauseous ceremonies.

High Times: What kind of material did you do?

Nugent: Uh, "She's the One" by the Charlatans, remember that? "She's the one" took my love from me. "Good song. Lonnie Mack songs. Chuck Berry, still obviously. When the Beatles and the Stones came out I was hooked. Especially the Stones. I did all their material. I wrote my first song in '62. It was an instrumental called "Doorknob." We did that when we opened the show for Billy Lee and the Rivieras at Wall Lake Casino in Michigan. Billy Lee and the Rivieras was, of course, the name Mitch Ryder used before it became Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels. Phenomenon era, man. I'm so proud to say I'm from Detroit, 'cause that's where it is at and where it was at.

High Times: From what part?

Nugent: The corner of Chaos and Nausea.

High Times: That must be downtown.

Nugent: Strictly downtown. Down around where you shake for your supper. No, I was burnin' right on the outskirts of Detroit, in Redford Township.

High Times: When you were in Detroit were you friends with the other famous Detroit musicians?

Nugent: I was friends with all of 'em. I lived with the MC 5 off and on for a year. I was friends with the Ronsons, Iggy and the boys, Dirk Wagner.

High Times: Who were your favorite performers?

Nugent: My favorite was the MC 5. They had the ultimate feel. But it was very quickly eroded by drugs. Iggy was a great entertainer man. He also eroded irreversibly so.

High Times: What do you think of Keith Richards?

Nugent: That's amazing. There's the ultimate enigma. Even more of the ultimate enigma than that he's ripped out of his brain and still chuggin' along with great chops. Is that he's ripped out of his brain and I dig him. I think he's an asshole, but I think he is the epitome of the rock and roll guitar player.

High Times: Who is your all-time favorite musician?

Nugent: My all time favorite has got to be Hendrix. I did a tour with Jimi. Hendrix was a special entity. That guy wasn't as much rock and roll as he was space-creativity jams. That first album "Purple Haze," "Foxey Lady," "Fire." That was the epitome of rock and roll. He implemented the ultimate fuck up.

High Times: Did you ever listen to reggae?

Nugent: No, my brain immediately rejected that. It nauseated me.

High Times: Is there any new black music that you like?

Nugent: Sure. I think Marvin Gaye's a bitch. I like the Isley Brothers. But I really miss the balls of the early Sam and Dave. Otis Redding, early James Brown stuff gave me a break. That's the ultimate.

High Times: What do you think of Lou Reed?

Nugent: I don't know that much about him. I thought the early Velvet Underground records were disgusting. Those were a joke. I think that "Walk on the Wild Side" has got to be a modern phenomenon. I love it. "Rock and Roll" great song. Even though Mitch Ryder killed him on it.

High Times: What do you think of punk rock?

Nugent: I think punk rock is an attempt of a new wave of kids to try to recapture the essence of the beginning of rock and roll. I think it's a reasonable attempt on their part, but unfortunately they'll never be able to get the essence of it. They've watched over a decade of rock and roll go down, and there's no way they can capture the beginning feel of it. It's not really available. So I think most of it is contrived. Too many of the punk rockers think about what they're doing.

High Times: What band do you like besides your own?

Nugent: I think ZZ Top is a modern day phenomenon. I think Aerosmith is phenomenal. I think Rick Derringer's band is fantastic. I thought Ronnie Montreaux's band was fantastic. J. Geils is really great. Queen, in their more driving moods, are really exceptional.

High Times: Who are your favorite guitar players?

Nugent: Me.

High Times: Who else?

Nugent: Billy Gibb of ZZ Top is one of the finest guitar players on earth. I've always thought Richie Blackmore was a bitch. Rick Derringer. This is a guitar world. All the top bands have great guitar players. Brian May of Queen is exceptional.

High Times: Do you like Led Zeppelin?

Nugent: No. I love the first two or three albums and the occasional tune on the fourth and fifth. I think Page is phenomenal. I think Bonham is the number one drummer in the world. I think John Paul Jones is one of the top bass players in rock and roll. I think Robert Plant is one of the best vocal effects men in the world. But as a team, I think their material is a joke, for the last couple of years.

High Times: How did you get out of the draft?

Nugent: Ted was a young boy, appearing to be a hippie but quite opposite in fact: working hard and playing hard, playing rock and roll like a deviant. People would question my sanity, I played so much. So I got my notice to be in the draft. Do you think I was gonna lay down my guitar and go play army? Give me a break! I was busy doing it to it. I had a career. Jack. If I was walkin' around, hippying down, gettin' loaded and pickin' my ass like your common cuss, I'd say "Hey yeah, go in the army. Beats the shit out of scuffin' around in the gutters." But I wasn't a gutter dog. I was a hard workin', motherfuckin' rock and roll musician.

I got my physical notice 30 days prior to. Well, on that day I ceased cleansing my



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body. No more brushing my teeth, no more washing my hair, no baths, no soap, no water. Thirty days of debris build. I stopped shavin' and I was 18, had a little scraggly beard, really looked like a hippie. I had long hair, and it started gettin' kinky, matted up. Then two weeks before, I stopped eating any food with nutritional value. I just had ch.p.s, Pepsi, beer—stuff I never touched—battered shit. Little jars of Polish sausages, and I'd drink the syrup. I was this side of death. Then a week before, I stopped going to the bathroom. I did it in my pants. Shit, piss, the whole shot. My pants got crusted up.

See, I approached the whole thing like Ted Nugent, cool hard-workin' dude, is gonna wreak havoc on these imbeciles in the armed forces. I'm gonna play their own game, and I'm gonna destroy 'em. Now my whole body is crusted in shit and piss. I was ill. And three or four days before, I started stayin' awake. I was close to death but I was in control. I was extremely ant.drug as I've always been, but I snorted some crystal Methedrine. Talk about one wounded motherfucker. A guy put up like four lines, and it was for all four of us, but I didn't know and I'm vacuuming that shit right up. I was a walking, talking hunk of human shit. I was six-foot-three of sin. So the guys look me down to the physical, and my nerves, my emotions were distraught. I was not a good person. I was wounded. But as painful and nauseous as it was, 'cause I was really into bein' clean and on the ball—I made gutter swine hippies look like football players. I was deviano.

So I went in, and these guys in uniform couldn't believe the smell. They were ridiculin' me and pushin' me around and I was cryin' but all the time I was laughin' to myself. When they stuck the needle in my arm for the blood test I passed out, and when I came to they were kicking me into the wall. Then they made everybody take off their pants, and I did, and this sergeant says, "Oh my God, put those back on! You fuckin' swine, you!" Then they had a urine test and I couldn't piss. But my shit was just like ooze, man, so I shit in the cup and put it on the counter. I had shit on my hand and my arm. The guy almost puked. I was so proud, I knew I had these chumps beat. The last thing I remember was wakin' up in the ear test booth and they were sweepin' up. So I went home and cleaned up.

They took a putty knife to me. I got the street rats out of my hair, ate some good steaks, heats, potatoes, cottage cheese, milk. A couple of days and I was ready to kick ass. And in the mail I got this big juicy 4-F. They'd call dead people before they'd call my ass. But you know the funny thing about it? I'd make an incredible army man. I'd be a colonel before you knew what hit you, and I'd have the nicest bunch of motherfuckin' killers you'd ever seen in my platoon. But I just wasn't into it. I was too busy doin' my

own thing, you know?

High Times: Do you ever plan to retire, or will you do it till you drop?

Nugent: I plan to do it until I want to stop. I'll probably do it forever, 'cause it's too much fuckin' fun to stop. But if I want to do somethin' else, I will. I am motivated by desire. That's why I do a motherfucker show every time I get on stage. Because I want to get up there.

High Times: What's the difference between a Ted Nugent audience and a Peter Frampton audience? Who is the Ted Nugent fan?

Nugent: Obviously the Ted Nugent fans are far more aggressive. They want more out of life. They want something that's more meaningful—something they can really sink their teeth into. Frampton's great, but what's so special about him? He sounds great. But my stereo sounds even better. If I want to listen, I'll listen at home. But if I want to be entertained, I'll go see some wild motherfucker goin' nuts.

**"Now my whole body
is crusted
in shit and piss,
and this sergeant says,
'You fuckin' swine!'
I was so proud...
And in the mail
I got this big,
juicy 4-F."**

I'd rather watch Kiss than Frampton any day.

High Times: Do you think you have a lot of the same fans as Kiss?

Nugent: Oh, sure. What they do with fire, I do with my body.

High Times: Why don't you use any electronic gimmicks?

Nugent: I did. When the fuzztone first came out, I fucked around with that. When the wah wah came out, I fucked around with that. I fucked around with flangers and phasers. But my ears are the man in charge, and I just like a powerful guitar sound through an amp.

High Times: You've always used a Gibson Byrdland guitar?

Nugent: For the last 11 years. It was designed in cahoots with two jazz musicians; one was Charlie Byrd, who wanted a more comfortable thin-line guitar with acoustic qualities. But not too thin line, because it's completely hollow bodied. It turns my ass on because it is a hollow body, and it will resonate like an escapee. You can either be overpowered by feedback or you can coordinate it and control it. It's such a joke—the so-called critics try to say Nugent plays loud, with lots of feedback, but it's really noise. Fuck them!

Regardless of the volume they should hear that what I'm playin' is absolutely magnificent.

High Times: Do you wear earplugs?

Nugent: Absolutely. I also wear gloves when I deal with thorn bushes. I'm so close to those amps, that's danger city up there. My left ear's virtually wounded. I only started wearing earplugs in it three or four years ago. But my right ear has been protected all my career. My left ear's high end is almost gone. My placement on stage puts the right ear right in front of the amps—so I always wore one earplug. I go to a specialist, and he takes me for free because I'm what he calls a control test pattern. But I hate wearing earplugs. I want to hear it. I want to hear it so bad. I'd love to be killed by my music. That'd be the ultimate.

High Times: A lot of your songs have lyrics that might be considered political or revolutionary in content; for example, "Motor City Madhouse." Are you interested in politics?

Nugent: When I write a song, politics per se don't ever enter my mind. I wrote a song back in '69 called "Get Your Guns," that was very political, but I was susceptible to that feel back then. Now it's the furthest thing from my mind. If I wanted to get political now, I'm afraid I'd put down my Gibson and pick up my Weatherbee. "Dog Eat Dog" has some political overtones. "Sabotage on the downtown streets/police cars overturned/Can't do nothing to beat the heat/and if you don't you'll get burned." That's somewhat of a civified free riot attitude.

High Times: What did you think of the riots—like the Detroit riots?

Nugent: I think they're healthy. I think it's a good outlet. I think murder and all that shit is necessary. Not for me, but for sickies. Obviously the sickies have got to vent themselves; they might as well do it that way and eliminate some more sickies. Good healthy people that get in the way are unfortunate.

High Times: Were you in Detroit for the '67 riots?

Nugent: I was right in the middle of it. It was crazed. It was a modern disease runnin' rampant. I had a gun. I wanted to get involved. But the cops turned me around and sent me home. I went down to help my buddy protect his music shop. We put all the Chinese chrome 20-knob 42-pickup specials in the window. Shined 'em up, put 'em in the window and sat behind the counter with 12 gauges.

High Times: Do you think your fans are into revolution?

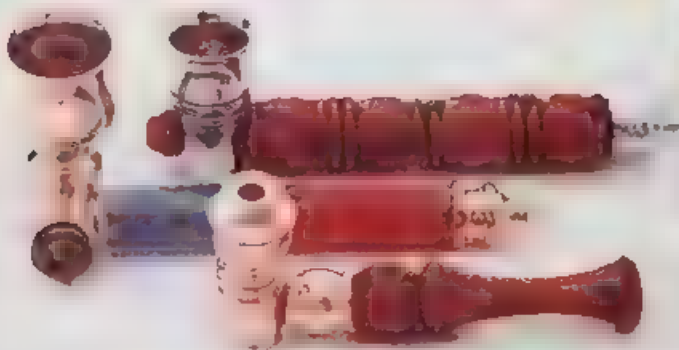
Nugent: No. They're into revolution as far as throwing off the shackles of daily routines.

High Times: You see a lot of clenched fists in a Ted Nugent audience.

Nugent: That's their honest, legitimate and valiant pursuit of an uninhibited scene, and I will do everything in my power, which is vast, to induce that. (cont'd)

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High Times: Do you think of yourself as an anarchist?

Nugent: An anarchist, no. My only thought is throwing off the shackles of everyday routine, like I said. I can eliminate any negatives from everyone's mind in the audience. When they're at a Ted Nugent concert, there is not a thing wrong in life. Everything is perfect.

High Times: How did you lose your virginity?

Nugent: I lost it to a poodle in the dressing room of a club.

High Times: Come on.

Nugent: No, I lost my virginity. I think I lost it to a boy. That'll make good reading.

High Times: There go the fans.

Nugent: No, my fans understand. I'm surely not gay. I'd just as soon do some wild dance on Anita Bryant's face, but I'm not gay. I think gays are crazed motherfuckers. I want 'em to keep their distance from me. But I think they're all right. I think it's proper. Hell, deer are queer.

High Times: Yeah?

Nugent: Sure. There's queer deer. There's queer dogs, queer people. Fine. Live it up. Just don't touch me.

High Times: Have you ever killed anybody?

Nugent: No. I've wanted to. They wrote in a magazine once that I have, but I never have.

High Times: Why didn't you sue?

Nugent: Aw, they were probably broke anyhow. It was Creem. But if I ever had to protect my loved ones or right a wrong, it'd be nothing. You know, human life is so revered, I think it's a joke. I don't think human life is a joke, but I sometimes think the reverence paid to it is totally antiright and wrong. Gary Gilmore, gimme a break. I coulda taken a hatchet to that prick a fuckin' year ahead of time and cleaned everybody's act up. Jesus Christ, all these fuckin' curs walkin' the earth should have their necks chopped.

The name of the game is two eyes for an eye. And it holds up, man. Anybody who don't agree with that is removed. Somebody beats the snot outa some lady on the street and they go, "Oh, he didn't know what he was doing. Let's see if we can fix him." Well, they fix him for a few months and they go, "Well, I don't think he's fixed, but we're out of room. Go ahead. Beat some more ladies." Fucking A. That's outa the fucking window, man. They should hire my ass. I'm an excellent shot. There'd be no pain. Some swine snatches a purse. Blow a leg off—see how he likes that.

High Times: How did you get to be anhdrug?

Nugent: How did you get to be anti-razor-blade to the wrist, you know what I mean? When I started out, I had great musicians. Great people. When they were without drugs, no longer could they play, they couldn't keep in tune, they couldn't compose, they couldn't jam, they couldn't

create. They couldn't get up in the fucking morning. Cute little lovely-dovey marijuana. "Let's jam, man. 'Fuuck!' Get that prick outa my sight before I stomp his face in. I've got no time for drugs."

High Times: Did you ever try 'em?

Nugent: Yeah, I smoked a bunch of joints in '67.

High Times: What did you think?

Nugent: Waste of time. Shitty feeling. Nowhere near as good as sex, nowhere near as good as a turkey dinner. Nowhere near as good as having a good time with your friends. You couldn't relate, man. Fuckin' building goes down in flames, you're gonna have to follow Ted out, 'cause everybody else is so stoned they don't know what's happening. A person

**"When I scream
I shit sometimes.
I was thinkin'
of wearin' a Kotex
or something.
If I eat
three hours before
I go on stage
and scream real hard,
I'll load my pants."**

who does drugs, regardless of the drug— aspirin, marijuana, cocaine, LSD—the use of any outside element, even too much food, as soon as you partake in it, you're lesser than you were prior to taking it.

High Times: Do you drink coffee?

Nugent: No. Maybe once in a while during huntin' season when I get up early.

High Times: Do you smoke cigarettes?

Nugent: Never had a cigarette in my life. I'm far too intelligent. I really feel strong about drugs. I've seen so many great people just bite the dust. Sandra smokes marijuana now and then, all my friends do, but I think she and everybody else is less of a person after smoking it.

High Times: Are the guys in the band allowed to smoke marijuana?

Nugent: It's not like I've got to say "Gimme that joint! Fifty-dollar fine." They know that if they get stoned there's no way they can keep up the Nugent pace. It couldn't be done.

High Times: Do you drink at all?

Nugent: Maybe once or twice a year I'll have a Kahlua and cream. Everybody's got to pick their toes once in a while. But I can get as mellow and as buzzed out as the next guy, but meanwhile a total level of awareness is at hand. I can escape. On stage I am gone. I am on Planet 19. Escape? Get in those four-wheel-drive vehicles and go where white men have never tread. I have Shangri-la at my disposal.

High Times: Do you have any trophies?

Nugent: I must have 32 or 33 heads now. I'm not mounting any heads anymore though. I'm running out of room. Plus I want to save room for my elephant. But I use the teeth and the claws for jewelry and the skins for clothing. We eat all the meat and use the bones for buttons and necklaces and stuff I strive for total independence.

High Times: What's your favorite gun?

Nugent: My Smith and Wesson .44 Magnum, 6½ inch barrel, blue finish. I could draw that mother now, boom, boom, boom, drop all three of them pricks across the street. I shot 300 rounds yesterday. A great, modern tool. I wish I had it with me right now. I'd feel totally safe. I think the gun laws are really stupid.

High Times: Do you belong to the National Rifle Association?

Nugent: Absolutely. I'm on the Citizens Right to Keep and Bear Arms Committee and the National Shooting Foundation.

High Times: You play a lot of big arenas and there's a big firecracker scene now. What do you think of that?

Nugent: I think that's stupid. I think that's low key intelligence. I gotta threaten those people sometimes. I gotta tell 'em they keep that up, I'm gonna come out there with a mike stand and beat 'em within an inch of their lives. One went off on my hand one time and blew up a finger pretty bad, which nauseates me. I said, "Somebody find the guy that did that and crush 'em."

People are testing the edge. I test the edge every night. Four or five gigs a year I pass out on stage. Which I'm proud to say, 'cause I'm on the edge. I force myself to the limit constantly. Last month I played Des Moines, Iowa, and I didn't pass out at the end of the set. I passed out on the second song. I was out for 15 minutes. It just goes to show you that I demand the maximum from myself.

High Times: What makes you pass out?

Nugent: I hyperventilate and I scream too hard. I'm basically in control, but I'm proud to say I don't have total control. That's a good sign.

High Times: Do you wear underwear?

Nugent: No, I stain my pants constantly. 'Cause when I scream I shit sometimes. I was thinkin' of wearin' a Kotex or something. If I eat three hours before I go on stage and scream real hard, I'll load my pants.

High Times: Are you regular?

Nugent: Extremely.

High Times: How do you like your meat cooked?

Nugent: Well done.

High Times: Do you have a routine for song writing?

Nugent: I always write the same way. Every night before I go on stage, I go to the dressing room an hour or two early. I plug in my guitar, let it ring, smack out a chord and the first thing that comes out is a new song. Seventy-five percent of the times I plug in I get a new song. I keep titles in a

book. Whenever I think of a nice title, like 'Wang Dang Sweet Pootang,' I just sock it down in my book. So I write a song and I go, 'Wow, if that don't sound like 'Wang Dang Sweet Pootang.' So I put the two together and I've got a song about pussy. I write the lick, then I find a title that goes with the lick feelwise, and then I write words around the title.

The new album, *Cat Scratch Fever* is about pussy. 'Wang Dang Sweet Pootang,' pussy. 'Death By Misadventure' is about Brian Jones—an antidrug song.

'Live It Up' is about livin' it up; 'Home Bound' is an instrumental about the feelin' I get when I'm headed home; 'Workin' Hard Playin' Hard,' that's self-explanatory. 'Sweet Sally,' pussy; 'A Thousand Knives' is a teenage love song, boy meets girl, boy eats girl, girl eats boy, girl pukes, boy kicks girl's ass, sends her home—your basic teenage high school love song. 'Fist Fightin' Son of a Gun,' self-explanatory; 'Out of Control' that's a rock and roll song about your average rock and roll concert.

High Times: So has rally your themes are sex, violence and work.

Nugent: Not violence per se, but intensity. Somebody crosses your path, fucks you up, you take a crowbar to his face. I don't think that's violence. I think that's intense reaction properly gauged.

High Times: What's 'Stormtroopin' about?

Nugent: Ah! Political. 'Stormtroopin' does have political connotations. It's a combination of the Nazi thing, which has got to be the ultimate scam on earth. I deplore that scene and how they should have controlled themselves. Some fuckin' stormtroopers come down my street, Jack, they're dead. Got it? Fuckin' Jews and everybody else that got taken, I have no sympathy, man. They should have armed themselves and crushed them pricks. So the idea is don't ever be stormtrooped, you do the stormtroopin'.

High Times: What do you think of rock and roll, people wearing Nazi regalia?

Nugent: I think it's meaningless. I think they're getting a little kick out of it, but it has no bearing whatsoever on the original sick concept. I think Jewish people that get uptight by it are fools. I know the whole problem, the whole history, the sadness that went with it. It's all diabolical, it's all wrong, it's the most ultimate negative that has ever been perpetrated. However, if some Indian shot my great-grandfather, I'm not going to hate Indians. Gimme a break! Now is now, then is then.

What you've gotta do is deal with the problems of the present. If a problem arises, you deal with it on the spot. Crush your oppressors. Crush 'em fast and furious. The name of the game is sucker punch. When somebody issues you an order that is against your will, don't hoo and haw about it, smack 'em in the chops before they ever know what hits 'em. And then don't let 'em get up. ☐

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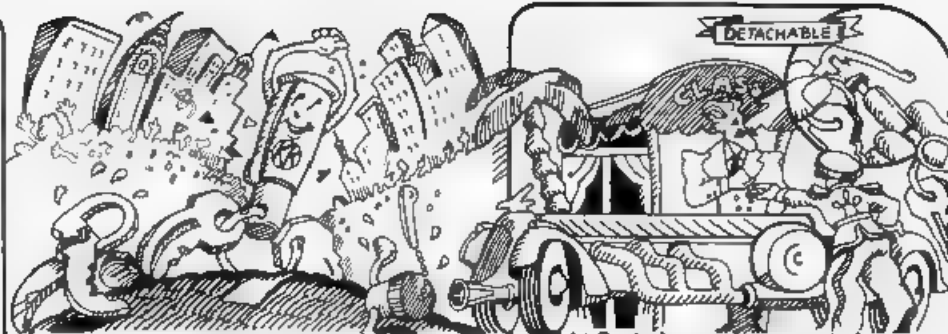
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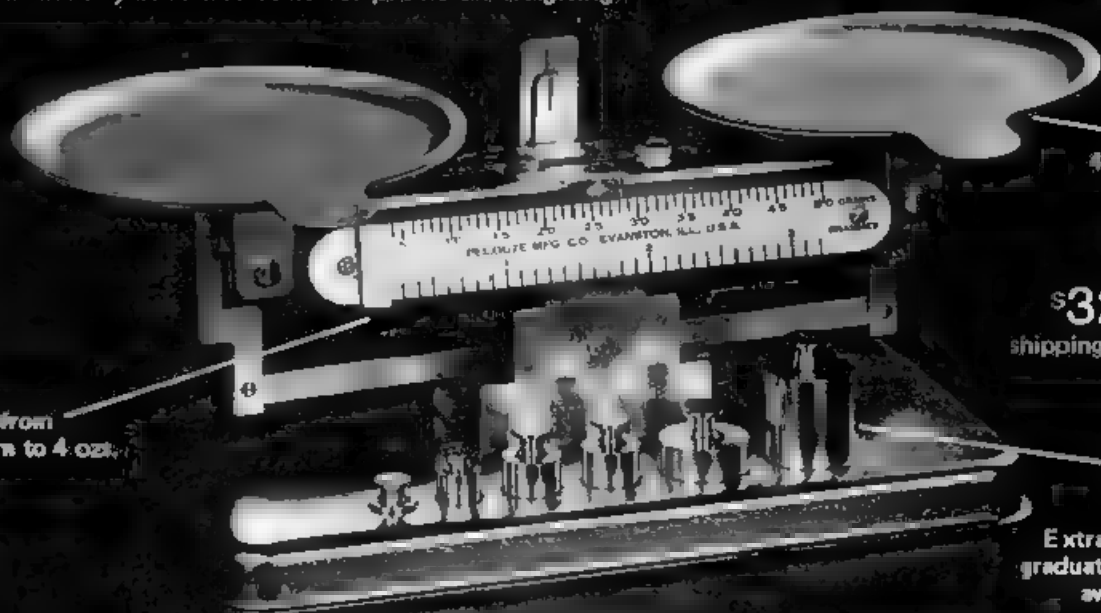
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High Times

WHO Turned on WHOM



Illustration by Camille Vaucher

From Dr. Albert Hofmann to you—how Western civilization got high again, one head at a time by Peter Stafford and Bruce Eisner

LSD creates in its takers a sort of instant messianism, an urge to turn on friends, relatives, acquaintances and perfect strangers. Marijuana, too, is a sort of friendship ambassador from the vegetable kingdom, telling us to declare peace on the world. And during the Forties and Fifties, as acid and grass slowly spread from among an enlightened few to the electrified many, the genealogy of turn-ons began to read like a *Who's Who* in the scientific, political and cultural worlds. There were artists and writers like Aldous

Huxley, Jack Kerouac, Ken Kesey, Salvador Dali and R. Crumb; actors like Robert Mitchum, James Coburn, Cary Grant, Peter Fonda and David Carradine; scientists like Stanislav Grof, John Lilly, Claudio Naranjo and Albert Hofmann; media moguls Walt Disney and Henry Luce; top political figures John and Robert Kennedy. All took the magical mystery tour and returned to pick up their friends.

It started during World War II. The scene was the New Products Laboratory of Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Basel, Switzerland, in a build-



ing now dwarfed by the massive Sandoz tower that dominates the skyline.

On April 16, 1943, the chemist Albert Hofmann, who had concocted a new molecule five years earlier while searching for a uterine constrictor, decided to test it again on birds, who had previously displayed no reaction. By accident, Hofmann absorbed a minute quantity of the chemical through his skin. The agent involved, LSD-25, turned out to be such a potent psychedelic that it had to be weighed out in millionths of a gram. If the substance can be seen with the naked eye, it is a very large dose. By comparison, mescaline

must be taken in amounts of 3,000 to 4,000 times the weight to produce a turn-on of a similar scope.

Hofmann's second trip, on April 19 of that year, confirmed that LSD-25 had been the precipitating psychoactive agent three days earlier. Though dramatic, the trip was hardly the first time that psychedelics had influenced civilization's collective psyche.

Marijuana use, of course, extends back into prehistory. It was heartily recommended in the earliest book of Chinese herbal medicine, which had influenced much of the East by the time of our earliest documentations, and, as tradition has it, was carried to the West by



Hasan-i-Sabbah ("the Old Man of the Mountain") in about 1090 A.D. Its earliest use as a recreational drug coincided with its introduction into Western medicine—since Joseph Moreau de Tours, who acquired it in Algeria and saw its medical possibilities, also brought it to the attention of the poet Théophile Gautier.

Gautier was something of a dandy in France in the 1840s, and he founded *Le Club des Haschischins*. Members were administered *Cannabis Indica* in the form of a potent greenish jam, and many published extravagant praises of their vision-filled trips. (De Tours first noticed he was affected when he discovered himself fencing with a banana.) Recrea-

tional usage in the United States, however, didn't really catch on until the Twenties, when Mexican laborers and blacks brought it up along the Mississippi from Louisiana and into Harlem and other parts of the country.

The prohibition of alcohol in the U.S. spurred pot's further spread. But for the most part, it remained an activity of the lower-class black and Chicano subcultures, jazz musicians, Bohemian artists and other assorted members of the creative professions. Meanwhile, an antimarijuana scare campaign carried on by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics effectively stemmed the pot tide. Weed perforce remained an underground sacrament until the beatniks

began to turn on. Pot became as essential to the Beat movement as poetry, Zen Buddhism, espresso coffeehouses and pounding on a bongo.

When it comes to explaining how the Beats caused us to see beyond what Allen Ginsberg called "the clouds of literal consciousness" that shrouded the Fifties, we must again note that many of those most centrally involved—such as Jack Kerouac—themselves "turned on" relatively infrequently. Oh, it is true that Jack smoked a lot of pot, particularly while writing *Dr. Sax* down in Mexico (much to the annoyance of William Burroughs, who objected that it excessively smoked up the room). But Kerouac and John Clellon Holmes, perhaps the major publicists of this "go" generation of the late Forties and Fifties, personally tried little of the major psychedelics.

When it came to dope, Kerouac and Holmes were largely outsiders with their noses pressed against the window, recording the activities of Ginsberg, Neal Cassady, Gregory Corso, Lew Welch, Gary Snyder and Herbert Huncke. These were people who gulped down psychedelics whenever given the chance. Snyder, for example, became the hero of Kerouac's *Dharma Bums* after seeing the value of psychedelics while a student at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. This group's experiences of fairly continual dope use, as recorded, were to entice an entire upcoming generation.

But we are getting ahead of our story. After he made his initial studies of the properties of lysergic acid in 1943, Hofmann turned on Werner Stoll, his lab collaborator's son, and Stoll turned on his patients—16 schizophrenics and 20 "normals." The results of this experiment were reported in 1947 in the *Swiss Journal of Neurology*. From here on this psychedelic message quickly spread.

The decade following Stoll's initial report saw LSD enter the heads of psychiatric patients, volunteers and, of course, psychotherapists. In 1949 the molecule came to America via psychologist Max Rinkler. A few years later in Canada, a group of psychologists and related workers headed by Drs. Humphry Osmond and Abram Hoffer began giving it to alcoholics in the hopes of sobering them through artificial diet's. Instead many saw the light, and psychedelic was born as a word and perhaps a philosophical concept as well.

Most of the early work with LSD was done with small doses—often only 30 to 50 micrograms and rarely over 100. Hofmann's opinion is that 250 micrograms is about the maximum dosage, and he felt his initial experience on that amount was an overdose. Large, single-shot doses were first suggested by Al Hubbard, a former Canadian uranium salesman considered a "wild man" by his associates in alcoholic therapy.



In the spring of 1963, Bobby Kennedy was known to be taking LSD or psilocybin and providing psychedelic entertainment for foreign dignitaries in a fashionable New York apartment.

In the late Fifties in Los Angeles, a number of psychologists began to administer LSD to patients for therapeutic purposes. Via this process they managed to turn on such popular figures as TV comedian Steve Allen, the first to announce his turn-on on television. Cary Grant credited LSD with enabling him to become a parent for the first time. One fascinating record from this period is *My Self and I*, by Constance Newland, the Thelma Moss of recent *Kirlian* and *psichotronica* fame. By about 1957, according to the writer Chester Anderson, a substantial LSD leak led from the Sandoz plant in Hanover, New Jersey, to Manhattan's East Village.

Peyote, pot and eventually LSD were the main condiments used by the Beats to turn on—and they were also among the most active proselytizers. But word passed quickly of other possibilities for mind expansion. Alan Watts described this type of experience as "instant satori" in his 1959 book *This Is It*. Ginsberg and Burroughs soon were bringing back additional tales relating to the yagé intoxication of South America. Though there was much about their reports and those of others indicating unpleasant effects, a search for mind alteration was clearly part of the ethos, and many were turned on in the process.

The Chilean psychologist Claudio Naranjo acquired yagé after deciding he wanted to go into country where "people ate people." He says he knew he couldn't learn the languages he would encounter,

so he brought along a Polaroid camera and some acid, which he dropped onto drawings he had made of stars, moons and the sun. He would tell the natives that he was a medicine man and that they should meditate upon the heavenly bodies after swallowing the "medicine" appearing on the drawings. Then he paddled away in his canoe as quickly as possible, not knowing what the effects would be. Later, however, the natives indicated they were impressed and grateful—and gave him lots of yagé. Naranjo was the first to try MDA after its discoverer, Gordon Alles, and he also gave the first scientific report on ibogaine, after hearing accounts by African natives of their rituals and experiences.

Then in May of 1957, Wall Street banker R. Gordon Wasson published his account of being one of the first two white men to be "bemushroomed." Life magazine gave Wasson's story a full-color spread as part three of a "Great Adventures" series. This was to lead to Albert Hofmann's synthesis of psilocybin and psilocin, the primary active substances in the Mexican psychedelic fungi. Hundreds would travel to Oaxaca, Mexico, in search of magic mushrooms and/or Maria Sabina, the curandera who had conducted Wasson on his remarkable nighttime journey. Bud Schulberg, author of *What Makes Sammy Run?* was one of these seekers, as was Jeremy Sandford, who wrote in *Search of the Magic Mushroom*. By the late Fifties, Sandoz was sending samples of these synthetics out to investigators. One of them was Sabina, who reported that "the spirit of the mushroom is in the pill."

A significant event of the early Sixties occurred when a seeker named Timothy Leary tripped out poolside in Cuernavaca, near Mexico City. His rational, symbolic mind took a vacation, and he resolved to dedicate the rest of his life to studying this new instrument. Having just been appointed to a lectureship in psychology at Harvard, Leary took it upon himself to initiate research into this with his graduate students. Thus was born the Harvard Psilocybin Project—which rapidly turned on hundreds of creative individuals, religious figures, convicts, psychologists and graduate students. Leary also turned Allen Ginsberg on to psilocybin, whereupon Ginsberg immediately tried to phone Jack Kennedy, Kerouac and Nikita Khrushchev (his three favorite Ks) to tell them about it.

In 1960, Dr. John Beresford wrote Sandoz from New York and explained that he was interested in investigating LSD-25's possible effects on amoebas. Back by return mail came a gram labeled "pharmaceutically pure" and a bill for \$285. Before the year was out, Beresford, Jean Houston and Michael Corner had established an LSD research center, the Agora Scientific Trust. Much of the turning on they performed is described in *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*.

Eventually the gram Beresford bought was split up with an associate, Michael Hollingshead, who conveyed part of it to Harvard, where he turned on dozens of scientists and volunteers. He stayed for a while with Leary at a house that was the site of many psilocybin turn-ons. Despite this, many were afraid of LSD. One of those declaring himself most uninterested was Timothy L. By 1962, jazz musician Maynard Ferguson and his wife Flo were obviously having such a good time on it that Hollingshead finally was able to convince Leary to try a spoonful from his LSD 25 mayonnaise jar.

In addition to Leary, Hollingshead turned on Paul Krassner, Richard Alpert, Art Kleps, Ralph Metzner, Donovan Leitch, Keith Richard, the Yardbirds and others of the early English rock scene, from a center he established in London (having been sent there for that purpose by Leary). Though Leary claims to have turned on very few people personally, he and some 30 graduate students, young professors and theologians were, in his words:

...thinking far-out history thoughts at Harvard...believing it was a time (after the shallow, nostalgic Fifties) for far-out visions... With scientific concepts as suggestive text and with LSD as instrumental sacrament and with prayers for grace, we began to write and to talk publicly about the possibility of a new philosophy, a new individual scientific theology.

Soon Harvard Square became the center of the "psychedelic revolution," with consequences well known. After being forced out of Harvard, Leary, Alpert (now Baba Ram Dass) and their associates decided it was time for the psychedelic movement to go public and established their International Federation for Internal Freedom (IFIF). In 1964 IFIF even opened a pilot LSD-training center in Zihuatanejo, Mexico, and the following summer offered a week at this resort for \$200. They received over 1,500 applications.

Acid has appeared in many forms, but one of the strangest was one that Alpert went down to retrieve after he and Leary had been thrown out of their resort hotel in Zihuatanejo. To bring it through Customs, Alpert put it in a shaving lotion bottle. At the airport, his luggage was thrown up on the rack and fell off. He thought that the bottle might have broken, but didn't dare check until speeding from the airport in a taxi. Sure enough, the suit the LSD had been wrapped in was all wet. One idea was to cut the suit up into squares like fabric samples; instead, it was just hung on the wall, where anyone who wanted to turn on could suck on it. (A seersucker suit, as it were.)

After Zihuatanejo, this hearty band of experimenters set out for the British West Indies seeking island sanctuary. Dis-



**The suit
the LSD had been
wrapped in
was soaked in acid.
It was just hung up
on the wall,
where anyone
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to turn on
could suck on it.**

couraged, they returned to the U.S., and at the invitation of Peggy and William Hitchcock— heirs to the Mellon banking fortune—established a longer-lasting psychedelic vortex in Millbrook, New York. From here emanated the Psychedelic Review, early light shows carried to New York City and other messages transmitted via pilgrims who had made the trek to visit the Castalia Foundation and the League for Spiritual Discovery, the slightly altered names for IFIF. The high visibility of such activities dismayed more conservative investigators, but nonetheless drew much media attention leading to the mass turn-ons of the mid-Sixties.

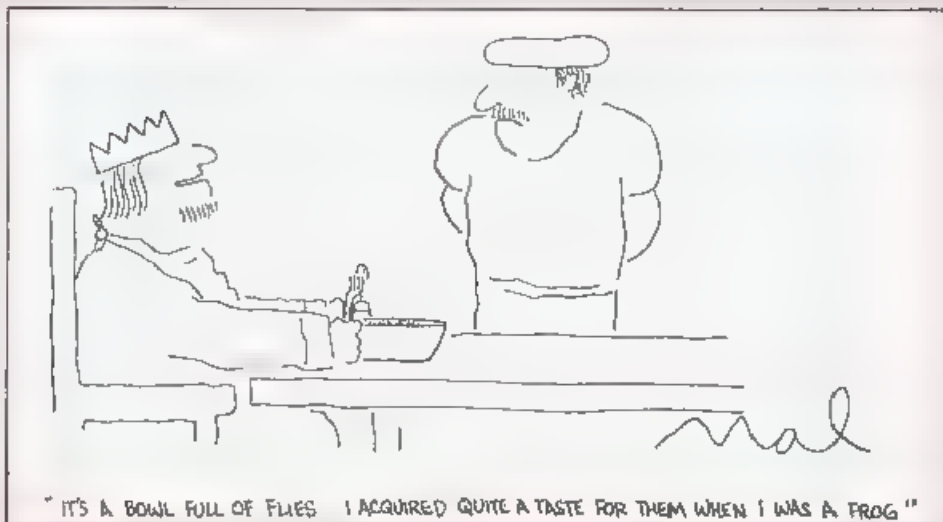
In the spring of 1963, according to

Beresford, Bobby Kennedy was known to be taking LSD or psilocybin and providing psychedelic entertainment for foreign dignitaries in a fashionable New York apartment. JFK reportedly smoked pot in the White House with Judith Campbell Exner. By this time, Eric Loeb ran a store with window displays on East Ninth Street in Manhattan, where he legally sold peyote buds from Arizona, mescaline, harmaline and ibogaine. And the Englishman Gerald Heard had by now turned on the publisher of Time and Life, Henry Luce, and his wife, the vivacious playwright Clare Booth Luce.

Even more public and outrageous than the psychedelic circuses and celebrations of the Leary clique and upper-class New York society were the antics of Ken Kesey. Kesey, oddly enough, was turned on by the U.S. Army, which along with the CIA had been conducting its own turn-ons from the early Fifties onward. Of course, these turn-ons were given many times without preparation—yet many, such as Kesey, had good trips despite the lack of structure, and this may have inspired Kesey's Merry Pranksters to create their Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, the namesake of a Tom Wolfe book. The test turned on many who had little advance knowledge, from the Fillmore ballroom to a Watts church, Wavy Gravy, former nightclub comedian Hugh Romney and one of the Pranksters, denies that he put the acid in the punch on these occasions.

Jerry Garcia could be considered another Army turn-on. The lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead, a notorious peyote-gulper in his early Berkeley coffeehouse days, Garcia recounts what caused him to gain the moniker "Captain Trips

[In] '60, '61, '62, I guess, or '63, the government was running a series of drug tests over at Stanford, and Hunter [the Dead's lyricist] was one of the participants of these. They gave him mescaline and psilocybin and LSD and a whole bunch of others and put him in a little white room and watched him. And there



"IT'S A BOWL FULL OF FLIES I ACQUIRED QUITE A TASTE FOR THEM WHEN I WAS A FROG"

were other people on the scene who were into that Kesey. And as soon as these people had had those drugs they were immediately trying to get them, trying to find some way to cop 'em or anything, but there was no illicit drug market then like there is now.

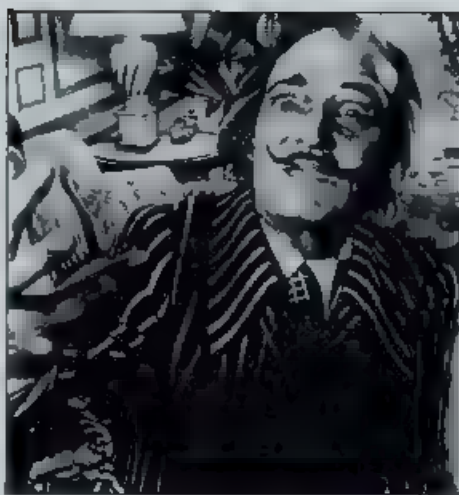
The acid tests beginning in mid decade were something entirely new. Instead of the turn-on being spread from friend to friend, communal conversions were now the order of the day and a new term was introduced into the language—"freaking freely." The first real "gathering of the tribes" occurred on October 16, 1966, the day when California became the first state to ban LSD. This was the earliest of what might properly be called the "Human Be-ins," and was celebrated by thousands on both coasts. A wave of media publicity about the gentleness of this mass turn-on resulted in an even larger gathering in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in January 1967. An estimated 10,000 turned on while listening to Leary, Ginsberg, Lenore Kandel, Michael McClure and many others praise the psychedelic revolution, accompanied by rock bands from San Francisco such as Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane. Augustus Owsley Stanley III, already known by his middle name as a great acid maker, dropped by parachute into the crowd. Longhairs sporting flowers blew surrealistic bubbles in the grass. By the time the beautiful, vibrant day was over, everyone knew that San Francisco would soon celebrate a "Summer of Love."

The likes of Janis Joplin, Steve Miller, Neil Young, Stephen Stills, Jorma Kaukonen, Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, Country Joe McDonald and others formed a loose-knit "family" of turned on rock stars on the West Coast. Chester Anderson has referred to such groups as Sturgeonesque "homo-gestalts" in *Crawdaddy*, the earliest rock magazine. Anderson partially explained why these San Francisco musicians and other acid-rockers such as the Stones, the Beatles, the Mothers and the Doors, not to mention hundreds of other bands of similar odd fellows, were such an encouragement to the turn-on:

Rock is a legitimate avant-garde art form, with deep roots in the music of the past (especially the baroque and before), great vitality and vast potential for growth and development, adaptation, experiment, et cetera.

Its effects on the younger generation, especially those effects most deplored by type-heads, have all been essentially good and healthy so far.

With rock's heavy profit orientation today, these principles may sound a bit



**Slick and Hoffman
planned to dose
Tricky Dick
with some of
Owsley's best,
hidden beneath
her fingernail,
before they were
stopped at
the door
by security.**

high flower, optimistic and idealistic. Yet in the mid-Sixties, millions thought of the Beatles almost as gods (or at least as the four evangelists), and for months after Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band became available, people argued endlessly about the secret meaning of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds."

LSD-25 made its debut in rock in 1962 in a single by the Gamblers. By 1965, Eric Burden and the Animals were crooning their love song, "To Sandoz"; the Stones were singing about how "Something Happened To Me Yesterday"; the Byrds were harmonizing about how they were "Eight Miles High" and the Beatles had long been advising everyone to "Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream. This is not dying."

Ginsberg says he was turned on to pot by Al Aronowitz, a pop-rock writer for the New York Post who also performed the same service for Bob Dylan. Ginsberg mentions that the Beatles were turned on by Dylan when their planes once crossed at JFK airport. He asked whether they wanted to turn on, and they were hesitant. Finally, Ringo said he'd try it. They went behind a hangar, and after returning to the others, Ringo was asked what he thought of it. He was smiling so much, the others decided to try it too.

In retrospect, it may seem a strange

quirk that the Beatles were turned on to acid by their dentist—the "Dr. Robert" of an early song—who over dinner slipped it into Paul's and John's coffees. "He didn't know what it was," one explained later. "We didn't ask for it, but later we did say 'thank you.'" Jimi Hendrix was another first turned on in England. He responded by putting "Purple Haze" at the top of the charts. In *Film About Hendrix*, we see his acid taster, who followed Jimi wherever he went and checked out his tabs to see how good they were before he tried them. According to many stories, Owsley made a double-strength, special batch of acid for him, and Jimi once ate a handful of these tabs before going on stage.

We haven't said anything about the role played by the Fugs, Steppenwolf, Pearls Before Swine, H. P. Lovecraft, Peter Walker, the Seeds, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Strawberry Alarm Clock, Arthur Brown, the Lovin' Spoonful and the Beach Boys, but these and hundreds of other groups all contributed enormously to the turning-on of the world.

Grace Slick likes to tell the story of how she and Abbie Hoffman were invited to a party for Tricia Nixon which Richard Nixon attended. They planned to dose Tricky Dick with some of Owsley's best, contained beneath her fingernail, before they were stopped at the door by security.

Hoffman relates his version of becoming another of the Army's turn-ons.

Aldous Huxley had told me about LSD back in 1957. And I tried to get it in 1959. I stood in line at a clinic in San Francisco, after Herb Caen had run an announcement in his column in the *Chronicle* that if anybody wanted to take a new experimental drug called LSD-25, he would be paid \$150 for his effort. Jesus, that emptied Berkeley! I got up about six in the morning, but I was about 1,500 in line so... I didn't get it until 1965. The acid was supplied by the United States Army. My roommate from college was an Army psychologist..

By the last half of the Sixties, the psychedelic message was appearing almost everywhere, even if the lettering was somewhat difficult to read. The first Psychedelic Shop debuted in San Francisco, along with the Oracle, a newspaper that centered on psychedelics, showed up irregularly and ushered in for a short while the use of a split-font color technique that produced almost Day-Glo graphics. Both were quickly imitated by other shops and newspapers sprouting up to speak to new psychedelic consumers.

In Manhattan there was the East Village Other, started by Walter Bowart, now publisher of *Omen Press*, and John Wilcock, a British journalist. Yarrowstalks came from Philadelphia, the Great Speckled Bird from Atlanta, the Astral

(continued on page 70)

A SERIAL NOVEL

MURDER ELAINE'S



The Story So Far...

An unknown Food City power supply, causing a black-out, took Elaine's restaurant. As the mysteries of a literary murder are told, the dark and twisted nature of Elaine's story is revealed. For the two years since the last time she was in the city, Elaine's story has been a mystery. The two years since the last time she was in the city, Elaine's story has been a mystery. The two years since the last time she was in the city, Elaine's story has been a mystery.

Meanwhile, Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle. Elaine's life is a constant struggle.

Driving downtown, the first time Elaine's eyes followed her, Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her. Elaine's eyes followed her.

CHAPTER
4

The Lost Trysting Place of the Golden Greek

by George R. Boz

The last time I had a gun pointed at me was back in '72—that insane incident at the Nixon family boathouse on Key Biscayne I'd been down there covering the Republican National Convention and the Secret Service somehow got the notion I was plotting to steal Bebe Rebozo's yacht.

They were wrong, of course. I never meant to keep it. I planned to bring it right back. As I explained to the humorless Secret Service guy who stuck a gun in my ribs the minute I set foot on the dock, all I wanted to do was take it out for a quick spin in the Bermuda Triangle after a stop-off in Haiti to pick up a highly respected voodoo exorcist. I had developed a theory while consumer-testing mescaline in the Boom Boom Room of the Fontainebleau Hotel, that some spirit from out of the Bermuda Triangle had demonically possessed Rebozo's boat while Nixon was aboard, causing the president to behave strangely thereafter. I told the Secret Service guy on the dock that he'd be making a substantial contribution to national security if he'd take his gun out of my belly and help this Haitian holy man to do voodoo ju-ju to Bebe-baby's boat.

The guy did put his gun away. He smiled at me and started whispering to one of those little wrist radios they have. I heard him use the words *strait jacket*.

But facing this gun here in this strange, dust-choked silken mausoleum of an apartment, I realized that any explanation I could give of what I was doing here wouldn't sound much more convincing than the one about the voodoo exorcist.

I would have to tell whoever was on the other end of that gun that a beautiful woman had awakened me from an opium dream around 4:00 A.M. this morning and told me she was wanted for murder and needed my help; that she needed me to accompany her to this apartment to pick up a Henri Bendel's shopping bag filled with a carefully wrapped package, of "doggie vitamins," she said, although she warned me not to feed them to a dog. Then I'd have to add that the woman disappeared while I was trapped cavedropping on some homicide cops in the baby locker of the city morgue, a detour I'd taken when we'd discovered our car was being tailed by a green Bentley limousine driven by a strange character she referred to as "Victor, the literary pimp." Face it, I didn't believe that story myself and it happened to me.

So instead I decided on a more basic posture toward the gun facing me. You could call it a deep cringe.

Don't shoot! Disabled yet! I cried out

Shrapnel tore out my spleen at Khe Sanh. For godsakes don't finish me off.

This gambit turned out to be fairly humiliating when Lilah herself emerged from behind the door holding the gun and choking with laughter.

What's so funny? Maybe I didn't lose my spleen, but the sight of a gun makes my heart murmur sound like a goddamn jackhammer. What's the idea disappearing and then sneaking up on me?

Oh my errant knight, she exclaimed dancing over and squeezing against me with what felt like real eagle claws.

I knew you would come through, she said disengaging herself from the embrace. I didn't mean to scare you with this

**"She was a 'magic lady,'
Lilah's friend.
Somehow, she knew she
was meant to mate
with the Lizard King.
To work her magic
she needed just one night
alone with him."**

gun, but it could have been Victor or one of his girl thugs.

You seem to have a lot of weapons at your disposal, but I suppose in your line of business. But listen, Lilah, the cops have got leads on who you are. They're gonna track this place down. Why don't you pack up whatever you're taking and we'll get ourselves some breakfast, call a lawyer and decide what to do.

Nobody, she said in a strange tone of voice, will find any connection between this place and me. Only two people could know I'm here and Victor is the only one I know who is looking.

Why wait here for him to find you?

I'm not waiting. Until you came I've been looking for a safe-deposit box key. It was supposed to be left for me here. Maybe it wasn't, maybe it was hidden, but I can't take the chance of anyone else finding it.

She picked up one of the cobwebbed silken pillows from a low-slung divan. A billowing pillar of dust arose from the touch. Through the imprint of her hand, a few gleams of what had once been a gold-embroidered surface could be glimpsed. Lilah looked up at me, her cheeks and forehead smudged with charcoal grime, green eyes glowing in the dusky setting.

"Are you gonna get to work, or are you going to stand around and supervise? Start with the dining room table."

It was set for two. Good silver, once upon a time. A silver bowl that looked as if it might have held fruit and nuts, now filled with an aged and torpid fungus. Burnt-out islands of candle stumps poked through the foam of dust that rolled over what had once been a sea of damask.

You know something, Lilah, I called to her in the living room, where I could see her pulling up carpets. "Dockery, the bonnie cop, said you were a very tough business lady. Too tough for some of the toughest sharks in the Caribbean including your ex-husband, if he is ex. Now I'm not a tough shark, just a naive small-town boy who's easily misled by attractive ladies. I'm perfectly willing to be used and discarded. But will you please tell me just what the fuck this weird place is and what we're doing here?"

A close friend of mine went out of her mind and tried to kill herself here. Satisfies?"

She'd finished searching the divan. Angry volcanic masses of dust rose into the air as she threw down the comforter off the majestic brass bed that dominated the sleeping alcove. The white sheets uncovered beneath were momentarily the only unsmudged surfaces in the place. Then the dust descended on them too.

Alright," she answered at last. "If you can stand hearing a very very sad story and you keep your precious ass moving till you find that key for me, I'll tell you."

She ripped the sheets off the mattress. Seven years ago somebody played a vicious practical joke on my friend. You'd have to know her to know how devastating it was.

At that time, in the sunset glow of the Sixties, a woman who was considered magical in a special way and who didn't have to worry about money could exist for her ethereal aura alone, floating through fashionable and unfashionable slums and salons, living on the luminescence of her very presence, although occasional supplements of soft psychedelics were required, like cosmetics, to rekindle from within the surface glow.

She was a 'magic lady,' Lilah's friend, the closest thing the Sixties had to the storybook princess of her childhood. And she might have continued this blissful dream-life had she not succumbed to the sickness that her rarefied sort of royalty was more vulnerable to than most. Falling in love with a god. The more inaccessible the better. For some magic ladies it was Swamp Uptown or Swamp Downtown at whose chastity they chafed.

For her it was an inspired, self-destructive, acid-pool rock star who decided he was a divinity incarnate as "The Lizard King" which is what he took to calling himself in his final days. You might recall him. His name was Jim Morrison.

Lilah shoved the mattress off the bed and started searching among the rusted creaking bedsprings for the missing key.

They'd never been introduced, never spoken. But somehow Lilah's friend knew, she just knew, that she was meant to mate with the Lizard King. Their paths had crossed just once, momentarily, at a crowded party, one of his last public appearances.

Unfortunately she had taken MDA before the party. Do you remember that drug? The "love drug," they called it. God, the clumsy "lute freaks" who call their crude chemical the "love drug" will never understand the secret communion of MDA lovers. In a flash Lilah's friend decided her love was powerful enough to spellbind him and redeem him. To work her magic she needed just one night alone with him.

Of course thousands of women probably felt the same way at one time or another. But not long after someone appeared and offered this woman a chance to make it all come true.

He was an aspiring rock writer, the smooth-talking, sincere laid-back type who had mastered the delicate art of mellow name-dropping, through which he hinted buddy-buddy intimacy with certain godlike figures. So one day this writer visits Lilah, and after some solemn preliminary smoking he begins telling her in his most righteous tones:

Lilah, this is like a very, very heavy thing for me to say, but like he told me he felt a very powerful vibe between the two of you at that party. He's been telling some people he trusts that he's about to embark on like the terminal stage of this Lizard King trip, and he needs like a final union, he was calling it, with a kindred spirit, and he said something like in another lifetime you two had been. Whatever he's like a shy and weirdly circumspect guy and he's asked me to ask you if I could, like, help him work out whatever karma is between you two. He says the night of the next new moon is what the charts say is best.

He worked very fast, this writer. Before a week was out he had an apartment rented. This apartment. The porch in the back overlooks a beautiful interior garden. According to the writer his "friend" had said that the vibes would be right for him to climb up to the back porch, which forms a sort of balcony over the garden, and come to her on the night of the next new moon. She was to put a lighted candle in the window overlooking the balcony that night to signal her readiness.

The poor woman spent the next two weeks half mad with ecstasy and anticipation and half exhausted from frantically trying to transform the apartment

into a silken Persian bower of bliss, beautiful enough to enchant him for not one but a thousand and one nights. In addition to the candle for the balcony window, she filled the place with scores of candles and dozens of mirrors to multiply them into millions of glowing reflections.

As the sun went down on the night of the new moon she took one tab of exquisite MDA, lit candles and began to await the summons from the balcony. She waited all night. The MDA came on. The candles burned down. The Lizard King did not appear. The writer's phone didn't answer. The next night she waited with just one candle in the window. She woke to the sound of the garbage trucks outside inaugurating the new morning, and suddenly she knew she'd been taken. A week later they had to drag her out of the place in a catatonic stupor. She'd taken an overdose of MDA and she'd blown out certain circuits. Three weeks later, Jim Morrison died in Paris.

"The place we are going to isn't supposed to exist any more. It got conveniently lost during the final days of the Nixon presidency. It's a very special place."

"What happened to her?" I asked Lilah. "After they released her from supervised care she left for the Caribbean and became a different person."

And this place? Don't tell me.

She became a different person, a tough person, but some crazy sentimental streak in her believed all those mysterious rumors that he wasn't dead and it wasn't his body they found in that bathtub in Paris. She had her trust fund maintain ownership under another name and gave orders to have the whole floor sealed up.

God damn. Like Miss Havisham? I said.

Who?

It was a sham, I said. "You remember in *Great Expectations*—the old woman who spent half a century living in the decay of her wedding feast after the bridegroom didn't show."

"Oh, Yes," she said. "The writer who carried out the scheme made that comparison. He wrote up the whole thing, of course. Called it 'The Woman Who Still Waits for The Lizard King.' Leaving out his part in the affair, the story made a terrific lead anecdote for a story he was doing on the death of the Sixties. Walter Foster liked it so much he put it on the cover, complete with a whole Gothic romance illustration of that night. As a matter of fact, the whole thing started at

some late-night gathering at Foster's table at Elaine's. He just tossed out the idea of the hoax as a perfect way to ridicule the pathetic devotees of a fake god, and this writer toady slunk off to execute it. That's what I heard."

God, you'd think this woman would arrange to execute him.

Would you? Well, like I said, she became a different person down in the Caribbean. She gave up on the bedsprings and began tearing the tapestries down from the walls. "But what I didn't see was, maybe you've already guessed I'm that different person. It didn't all happen to a friend, it all happened to me."

My god. You. Suddenly an awful but obvious thought hit me. Then last night at Elaine's... Was it you?

Did I kill Walter Foster? I've already assured you I didn't. We've taken a thousand mikes of Sandoz together, darling. You know I can lie to you. Come, do you want to look into my eyes?

They were wide open, moist and very, very green. Oceanic in their depth. I took the plunge. When the horrid backing buzzer broke the silence I was still at sea. It was, perhaps, the first time since that night that the buzzer had sounded. This was no bel-toned buzzer to start out with, but the years of disuse had since rotted the reams so that it could produce little more than a throttled asthmatic death rattle. Then it stopped.

That could mean the party or parties had given up and gone off. Or that they'd cracked open the flimsy outside door and were heading up here right now.

Lilah turned the gun on me. "Alright, don't argue with me and don't pretend to be brave. Here," she picked up the Henri Bendel bag with the still-wrapped packages of the mysterious doggie vitamins and pushed them into my arms. "Take these. It's an easy jump down from the back porch into the garden. Head for the big apple tree and turn left. Look for a green door into a laundry room. Put these in a subway locker and wait at home to be contacted. Feed the dog. You've been wonderful. She kissed me forcefully.

But you're crazy to stay," I began.

I know what I'm doing." She leveled the gun at me. "Get your ass out of here."

Ouls deal last. Across the street, the brightening early-morning sun was stirring a derelict in the doorway next to Tiro A. Segno, the Italian rifle club. I didn't look like much of an improvement on him, it occurred to me. As I passed the Café Dante, I thought seriously about the hellish way I was leading my life. After this is over I'm going to have me some peace and quiet. Build me a cabin in Utah. I was humming to myself while rounding the corner dominated by the sobering stucco structure of the James B. Rosso Mortuary Establishment.

sssst. It was a summons from the pillar-sheltered niche at the entrance to

the parlor. "Hey, come here." In the shadows, framed in the oaken door beneath the word *Moroccan*, there beckoned a breathtaking vision.

She couldn't have been a few minutes off of that teenage of consent and yet she looked as if she'd stepped out of another decade entirely. Lean and golden-limbed with long, straight blonde hair falling about her waist and a glow of sensual bliss lighting up her meltingly sweet eyes, she looked as if she had just been transported out of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park on that morning in 1967 when the best chemists in the Western world began giving away Orange Sunshine. She even wore—I swear to God—a flower in her hair. In her embroidered denim cutoffs, bare midriff and filmy translucent tie-dyed top, she was a perfect indeed too perfect, specimen of the extinct species once known as Flower Child.

The thing that spoiled the picture was the small black gun she held in her hand.

"Hi," she murmured, smiling ever so sweetly. "My name is Laurel. What's your name?"

"Gee, sorry," I said, "don't really believe in astrology, got to get going. Nice—"

"Listen Bozo," she hissed, "I don't got all day. Get over here and tell me your fucking sign or I'll blow a hole in your intestines."

"Well, uh, Sagittarius, but I mean what?"

"Oh wow, a Sag," she said. And suddenly she was a smiling, mellow-voiced psychedelic princess again. "I can see in your chart that you're about to walk quietly around the corner and get into a big green car and meet some nice people who want you to help them out with some information. I can also see in your chart that if you try to get away a bullet is going to sever your spinal cord and you'll piss in plastic bags the rest of your life." She smiled sweetly again. "I'm a Libra myself, although my moon's in Sagittarius. Now start walking."

There it was. As I turned the corner and headed west toward Sixth Avenue, I saw the long, sleek green Bentley—the one I'd thought I'd left behind at the morgue—glide up to the curb and pause. The interior was sheltered from view by smoked glass and opera curtains. It was not until I was pushed inside that I saw Lilah blindfolded and gagged with her arms fastened behind her on a Moroccan leather rear jump seat.

The flower child thug climbed over me and seated herself behind the driver's seat with the gun in her hand. A smoked glass partition separated the front from the rear seat, and I was only able to glimpse a dark-haired fellow in what looked like a very well tailored blazer and ascot—not a Beverly Hills, but a Pearl & Co. of London look. The car glided away from the curb and with a smooth whine the partition slid down.

Barely turning his elegant razor-trimmed head, the man in the driver's seat began to speak.

"Welcome. My name is Victor. You may not be familiar with me, but permit me the liberty of confessing my admiration for your journalism. Under less infelicitous circumstances we could have had some provocative conversations about journalism and fiction and the deliberate confusion of the two realms you seem to delight in." He spoke with the elaborate locutions of someone trying to sound like William F. Buckley—and failing.

But for now," he continued, "I am under contract after a fashion to deliver you up to Colonel Atila, who particularly enjoys experimenting with a new advance in technologically induced truth telling developed by the secret police of his country. A device known as the feedback lie detector, a machine that combines the

**"They were supposed
to film the
Golden Greek fucking
this woman
and try to blackmail
her into telling
the real story
of Chappaquiddick."**

lie-detecting capability of voice and autonomic nervous system parameters with an electroshock capability. Properly calibrated the machine automatically registers a response's lack of truthfulness and immediately delivers a controllable, automatic surgical strike of unbearable pain. Skinnerians like to call it "negative reinforcement."

You tell one little lie, you feel like a rusty scissor stabbed through your brain," said the flower child-thug.

"You must excuse Laurel's colorful street language, but I was only recently and with great difficulty able to rescue her from life as a child porn star."

Victor rescued me from exploitation and degradation," Laurel said with great conviction and reverence. "It was terrible, just terrible. I knew I had talent and all the people around me knew I had talent, but my manager had no confidence in me and he had me locked into a contract where he got all the residuals. Now that Victor manages me I haven't had to give up my career just because of age, the way it happened to some people I know. Not many child porn stars can make the crossover to adult work. And none of them get to do the kind of thing like I did today. How did you say it, Victor? You always have the right words."

Participating in the creation of literary history, my dear."

Victor glanced back at me and smiled a gleaming, ingratiating grin.

I suppose Lilah has told you about my shall we call them literary services or introductions, so there's no harm in revealing the essence of Laurel's assignment last night, although as for the name. Let's just say he was a very, very major American novelist. And when I saw him outside of Elaine's last week he had a difficult literary problem. He was attempting a very serious exploration of the meaning of the Sixties, re-creating in a novel what we academic types refer to as the myth of The American Adam, after the book by that name. His problem was to recapture the deliquescent innocence, the blood-surgingly vitality and the compliant sensuality of that re-created Eve, the flower child. He felt the need to guide his grand design with the evidences of his senses, as he put it. And so although Laurel is not technically a flower child in the strictest sense of the phrase, when I introduce Laurel to him...

"He just about drooled all over the seat," Laurel interjected. "But it got better after I got him to take a couple of ludes."

"He was extremely enthusiastic about how much he learned from her, and I feel confident that Laurel's labor of love tonight will, transmuted in the forge of novelistic genius, become a memorable scene in the postmodernist canon."

Victor, do you think he'll put all the things he made me say, like, during, in an actual novel?"

"You can never tell with artists, dear Victor," I said. "Could I ask a question at this point?"

"Shoot," said Victor.

"Which one?" said Laurel.

"Not now, Laurel, I didn't mean it that way. Please go ahead," Victor said to me.

"My first question is can you maybe drop me off at my place on your way uptown. This has been fascinating and all, but I've got some calls to make. What say we get together for lunch some time, Victor? I'm leaving for Samoa in a couple of days, but what we could do is pencil something in for when I get back."

Victor chuckled indulgently. "I think you have a greater appreciation of the gravity of the situation than you let on. Certainly if you don't now you will when the colonel straps you into his special lie detector machine."

"Well I'm looking forward to that, but in the meanwhile, could you tell me why Lilah has to be blindfolded and gagged and I'm not?"

"Now there's a good reporter's question. As a matter of fact we're going to remedy that momentarily by putting a blindfold on you. You see, the place we're going to isn't supposed to exist any more. It got conveniently lost during the final days of the Nixon presidency, and those of us who know about it don't want it to be found again. It's become very useful. It's a very special place. Perhaps in your
(continued on page 74)

5,000 freaks frolicked and fumed at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue on July 4th

The White House Smoke-In

by Shelley Levitt

Six thousand pairs of lips toked on thousands of joints. A stoned throw away, fireworks lit up above the White House lawn to the strains of that old English drinking song, "The Star Spangled Banner." Jimmy Carter sent his regrets that he missed the smoke-in at Lafayette Park. But Mr. President, we're not sorry we followed in the footsteps of those great Americans who threw tea into Boston Harbor, fermented corn whiskey in their bathtubs and produced homegrown dope instead of guns during the Vietnam War. The Tenth Annual Smoke-In, Mr. President, was a smashing success.

Due to poor planning, smoke-ins historically have been affairs of mass confusion: unsecured permits, bands and speakers canceling at the last minute, equipment failures and, on occasion, an embarrassing lack of dope. This year, however, the yippies, with the help of NORML and *High Times*, arrived in Washington well supplied with permits, 15 bands from New York and Washington, pot, backup equipment and a confirmed list of speakers. Keith Stroup, national director of NORML; Andrew Kowal, publisher of *High Times*; Jay Miller, associate director of the ACLU and Dana Beal, yippie spokesperson. There was also a new slogan: "Turn On, Tune In, Turn Yourself In."





The strategy behind the July 4th Coalition for Marijuana Reform was to stage a mass turn-in. Thousands of people marching to the Drug Enforcement Agency to turn themselves in for a single joint could not fail to demonstrate the ludicrousness of the country's marijuana laws. A mass bust would clog the jails and inevitably arouse a wide-scale protest among dopers and nondopers throughout the country. Or, if the police refused to arrest a pot-smoking mob it clearly would show that our marijuana laws are bogus and irrelevant and that their arbitrary enforcement is discriminatory.

Hitchhikers began arriving days before the Marijuana Law Reform Rally and they assisted the yippies in building and guarding a concert stage southwest of the Lincoln Memorial. At night the area surrounding the memorial was a checkerboard of sleeping bags, and the first indication of police tolerance of lawbreaking was seen.

"There was no way they'd allow camping on the permit," explained organizer Ben Mase. "And when people get in off the road they need to crash, to get rested. So we got a permit for continuous music, and the cops were so happy to shut it off at midnight they compromised and let us sleep there."

Shay D. Adams of Atlanta reported that the police did make an attempt to evict the partiers, but when they saw we weren't going to be intimidated they backed off.

By July 3 enough people had arrived in Washington for a trial march on the DEA, and 500 tokers walked the 30 blocks to Franklin Park to present their demands: pardon and compensate all pot prisoners, put the nars to work on public projects and guarantee a weekly slash. The marchers were playing to an empty house, however. The only action they saw was when a man in a guard uniform walked into the center of the crowd, took one of the joints offered him and toked deeply. The instant he separated from

the crowd he was collared by the police. Back at the Lincoln Memorial, hundreds were arriving hourly and setting up camp. There was an outdoor party of 4,000 that night.

At high noon July 4, the eastern half of Lafayette Park was nearly filled with protesters, and the yipsters insisted that an even bigger crowd—the Light Up for Liberty March—was on its way from the Lincoln Memorial. Skeptics refuted the claim as a typical yuppie exaggeration, but as they spoke the rhythmic chant "Smoke Pot! Smoke Pot! Smoke Pot!" could be heard in the distance. Moments later the thirty marchers appeared, filling the rest of the park. A yuppie seized the mike and cheered. The crowd applauded wildly, and White House police stiffened. Already ten times more people had turned out for the smoke-in than convention. Washington liberals had expected. And after 72 hours of communal toking, the crowd was happy and high but determined that they would free the weed.

The next few hours were an alternation of speakers and music, sound breakdowns and hasty repairs. The first speaker was yuppie Steve Conliff of Ohio, who denounced his state's postdecrim practice of mass arrests of sellers of small amounts of pot and six month sentencing of arrestees who refuse to rat on their friends.

The demands of the cannabis coalition were repeated and defended: decriminalize pot abolish the DEA, pardon pot prisoners here and bring Prisoners of Weed home from foreign jails. Illustrating the racism of marijuana enforcement, the director of the Washington area NORML chapter reported that while 29 percent of whites arrested on pot charges are convicted, 71 percent of blacks picked up for grass receive convictions.

Although the speakers decried the injustice of pot prohibition, their approach to reform

varied. NORML Director Keith Stroup predicted that national decriminalization will pass within the next 12 to 18 months. But he said that the American people aren't ready to accept complete legalization of marijuana. Stroup pointed to the criminal code package facing Congress this year as an example of the general conservative trend. Senate Bill 1437, dubbed Son of S-1, is a revision of the infamous Senate Bill 1 stonped down last year. SB 1437 provides penalties of \$100 for possession of up to ten grams. Though expected to pass, a stiff battle may develop.

The yuppie-extreme paranoia of secret police activity has led them to oppose decrim in favor of uncompromised legalization and a government guaranteed weekly stash. Closer to the yippies was Gatewood, president of the Kentucky Future Marijuana Growers Association, who handed out literature defending the rights of Bluegrass State growers. Like the yippies, the bluegrassers have reservations about decrim, fearing that it will take the steam out of the issue while preserving the principle of police control of pot.

The speeches were warmly received, but everyone was waiting to see how many people would actually heed the quixotic call to turn themselves in for possession of a joint and what the cops would do about it. Berkeley's first archer Dr. Ted Mikuriya, who conducted medical studies for the National Institute of Mental Health until his grant was revoked because he supported NORML, was halfway through his speech when the sound system died. Dana Beal seized this opportunity to announce the turn-in and the previously attentive crowd turned into a shouting and grabbing mob. Chaotically trying to retrieve the bagfuls of joints thrown to them by people mounted on the statue in the center of the park, Beal lamely indicated that the turn-in crowd would meet at a tree decorated with a banner which read "Secret Police Out of Pot."



Photos by Chip Berlet and Brian T. Jones

Out of Our Lives

The pilgrimage began. Dopers all over the park stood up and threaded their way among the packed bodies, urging everyone to join them. Mikuriya, dressed as an American revolutionary, carried a color guard to the White House to present petitions with 20,000 signatures for decriminalization. In moments the police along Pennsylvania Avenue were confronted with a choking line of freaks 100 yards wide.

Holding joints high above their heads, they blew smoke in the face of the police, offered them bong hits, stuffed joints in their pockets and walked up and down police lines waving, taunting and announcing them for sale. The police stood firm, refusing to bust their flunkies for being the cause of the confusion. They felt the challenging crowd doubt and tripped as more spectators in the park abandoned their seats on the turn in.

We have orders not to arrest you, they explained. "We'll do whatever is necessary to turn you back so that you never get to the place where you're trying to demonstrate," but no arrests.

Finally the revelers were cleared from the last lane at Pennsylvania Avenue. Mikuriya and his merry-makers were turned away, and they shouted angrily at the police that their right to petition for redress of grievances was being trampled upon. The yippies responded by proceeding to the crosswalk at the southeast corner of Lafayette Park. There they courageously crossed the White House gate, where the slightest rudeness, let alone pot smoking, normally guarantees instant arrest.

But the police, apparently ignorant of local laws, thwarted the legal procession with angry club-wielding, while still refusing to arrest the pot offenders. In protest, 100 people staged a spontaneous sit-in on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Madison Place, waving their joints triumphantly.

The park police, who as recently as two years ago busted 34 people in hopes of demoralizing the annual smoke-in, mounted horses and rode into the crowd. The dopers scrambled.

The outriders unleashed a show of pure yippie is the hard core, charged to the top steps of the U.S. Customs Court of Claims. On one flagpole they flew the black pennant with red star and green pot leaf and on another the red, white and blue upside down to show the distress of the country. Ben addressed the crowd outlining what he jokingly referred to as "a NORML program for the Eighties." His demands were the most militant of all demands: the secret police, prosecute the agents guilty of violating human rights, compensate the victims, mandate neighborhood control of pot by establishing a World Marijuana Bank to buy up surplus reefer and support prices so dopers won't be wiped out by legalization.

His speech inspired an impromptu march. At this time of the city jail. A thousand protesters, forming a march several blocks long, moved in the direction of the jail. Half a block from the Metro Police Station, they were turned away, police shoulders taking the place of horses.

Ben Masei, who holds the yippie record of 49 political arrests and was counting on the turn-in for his goal on 50th, was enraged: "I walked two hours in this 100-degree heat, and they won't arrest me. What a bust!"

Ben agreed: "They don't want to dignify people, people who come thousands of miles to get the secret police out of their lives."

The disappointed crowd found its way back to the Lincoln Memorial, where a sit-in on the steps was dispersed when a cop drew his gun and confiscated the yippie bullhorn. The yippies retreated to a final unscheduled concert celebrating three whole days without a single pot bust.

The only people to see the inside of a jail were Ed Rosenthal, author of *The Marijuana Grow-*

ers' Guide, and a friend, detained for daywalking on their way to the White House. "They said they wanted to get rid of me," the Captain Marvel-costumed Rosenthal said. "But I just walked back to the park."

Rosenthal filed a complaint charging the Washington police with kidnapping. He has decided to expand his legal action on behalf of all the people who participated in the smoke-in.

"The law is plain," he said. "We're supposed to be protected against the killer weed no matter how politically inconvenient it is, even if we all suddenly decide to arrest ourselves. We're going to join in a class action suit with the pot prisoners currently in the federal system. Please write to us to become a plaintiff if you were at the smoke-in," urges Rosenthal, who can be reached at Box 392, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.

July 5, the smoke-in over it receives a post hoc blessing. A Harris poll reveals that for the first time the majority of Americans favor decriminalization. And that's what it was all about—energetic and aware people with widely divergent politics coming together to support an issue integral to their lifestyle and sense of justice.

"Smoke-ins definitely have a useful place in the reform effort," Stroup reflected. "The government was stunned at the number of people. In fact, so was I. It means it can be a bigger event next year. We'll be pushing it up front, as long as we can make it a positive event."

Sen. Mark Hatfield of NORML: "Smoke-ins really bypass the whole current public dialogue about pot. When a thousand people offer to turn themselves in, the law goes right out the window."

The YipPs think so too. They're planning local smoke-ins for as many campuses and towns as possible during the early part of October. Call them at (212) 533-5028, if you want to bring the smoke-in to your city. ☐



1. Mexican seed

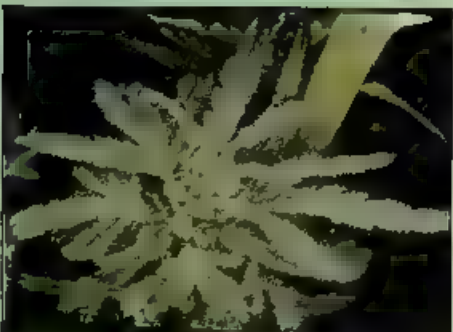


THE ART OF

Tinkering with foreign seeds on domestic soil for high-



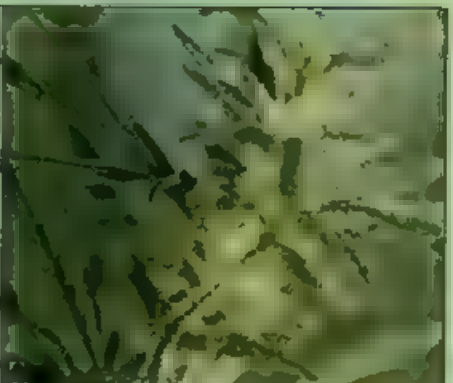
2 Mexican leaf



3 Mexican bud



4 Thai leaves



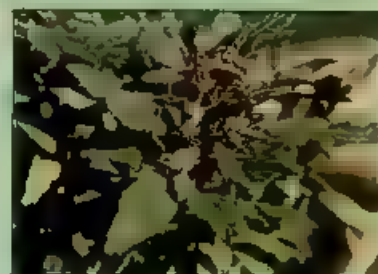
5. Tha bud



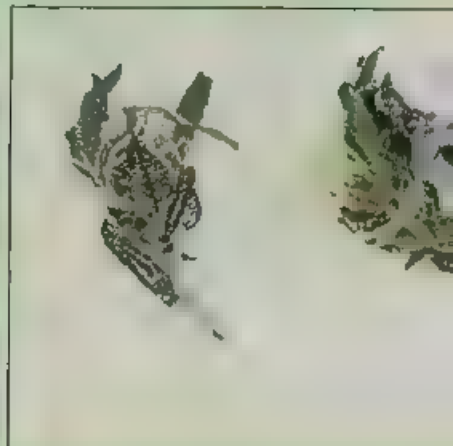
6. Afghan seed



7. Afghan leaves



8. Afghan bud



9. Afghan buds (dried)

Many exotic strains of marijuana from far distant countries are making their way into American breeding stock in the greening of domestic homegrown. Breeds such as those from Thailand and Afghanistan have been developed through years of intensive selection for certain distinguishing characteristics.

Varieties have been developed that ripen all at once, as in Mexico where the whole plant is cut down at harvest time. Other varieties, such as Thai, have buds that ripen continually over a period of months. As the buds ripen, they are harvested and cured. Because of the nearly equal lengths of day and night and the warm climate all year round, many of the tropical varieties live for three or more years, often reaching 20-foot heights.

Finding breeds that thrive in the Temperate Zone and still produce the resin of their tropical counterparts has been the preoccupation of many interested in homegrown. This has been accomplished by simply creating a tropical environment in a greenhouse and planting those tropical varieties early. Supplemental lighting has been used to offset the effects of the short winter day. Mexican varieties do well in this manner, though they tend to grow tall, unbranched with a main bud, and ripen all at once. They are not as potent as some others.

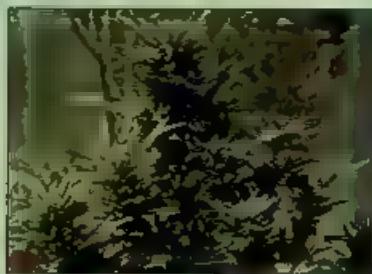
Centuries ago, in the adverse climate of the mountains in Afghanistan, varieties were developed for hash production. These squat, broad-leaved, high resin-producing plants usually only grow three to four feet tall but are highly compact. The small Afghan plant will often have as much weight in buds as a 12-foot Thai plant. The individual flowers of the Afghan plant are quite large; a single flower will often be as long as a thumbnail. These plants do quite well in the temperate climate and flower early enough for most parts of North America.

Many people prefer to create their own breeds from the more exotic varieties. Cross-pollination is readily accomplished with marijuana because the two sexes are usually found on different plants. Just as in the cultivation of sinsemilla females, the male plants are isolated and kept separate from the females. Marijuana is wind-pollinated, so it is best to keep the sexes far apart. The males usually show their flowers first, and it is best to separate the plants out of the field before these flowers open and expose the pollen sacs. Once the male has been separated and the flowers have opened, the pollen can be collected in a bag tied over the male flower stalks. The pollen can then be applied to specific branches

BREEDING POT

potency strains

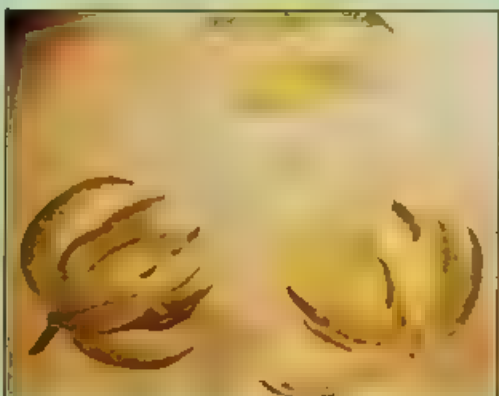
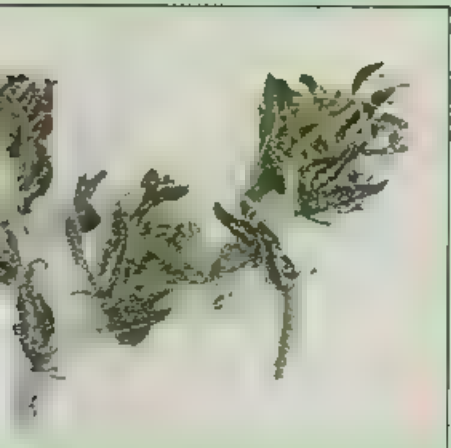
Photos and text by Bob Harris



10 Afghan plant



11. Male flowers, unopened



12. Male flowers dissected, showing pollen sacs

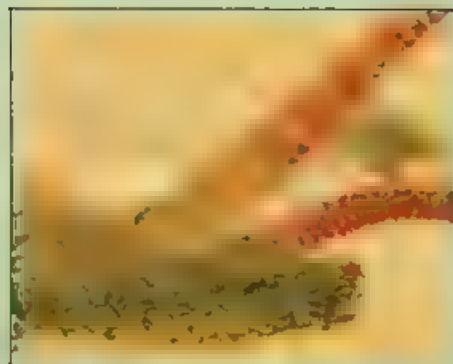
of select females for seed production. In this way, those seeds that have formed are only from the pollen you have chosen to cross with the female. It is then easy to keep the strains straight.

However, the sexes of marijuana plants are not always found separately. Marijuana will form both sexes on one plant in two ways. There is the abnormal flower and also the hermaphroditic plant. Under adverse conditions such as short day length, flowers can arise that are neither male nor female but have the parts of both in one flower. The one photographed is a male flower with female parts, but the opposite can happen. The second case is more significant. This is a flower bud with both sets of flowers. The male and female flowers are complete, whole and fertile. These hermaphrodite males are often hard to spot and are usually found on plants of the same strain. There are some strains of marijuana that are entirely hermaphroditic. Caution is advised in spotting these as early as possible to avoid seeding of the crop.

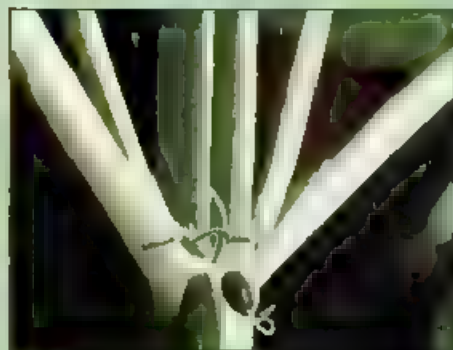
Not content with crossbreeding strains already in existence, some have sought techniques for creating mutant strains. The floral industry has long known that polyploid strains, that is, ones with doubled genetic information, often produce larger, longer lasting, more robust flowers. Techniques have been devised to create polyploid strains using chemical poisons such as colchicine, an extract of the root of the autumn crocus. Essentially these chemicals stop the dividing cells from forming a new cell wall. This often happens when a cell has already doubled its chromosomes, resulting in cells that have twice as many chromosomes as normal, one set being duplicates. Plants from colchicine-treated seeds may contain residues of the poison, however. Wait until the second generation to smoke these polyploids.

A polyploid so created can be easily spotted by looking at the larger-than-normal guard cells on the underside of a leaf. These cells form a doughnut around the pores and let the plant breathe and control internal moisture. There are also some very obvious effects. Seedlings have clubby, stunted roots, the stems appear thicker and woodier and the leaves are often irregular, with extra parts appearing. Plants will survive with many times the normal chromosome number, though there are limits.

Using these techniques, growing varieties that do well here is only a matter of time. Since each variety affords a different taste and high, why not? ■



13. Female flower, showing pistils and bract with resin glands.



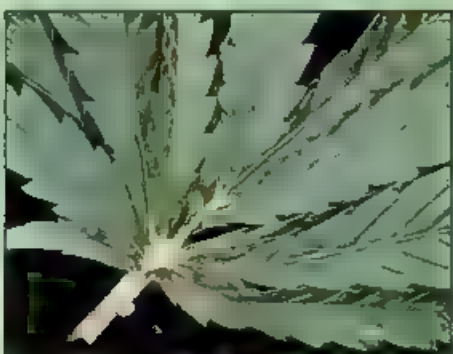
14 Abnormal flower



15 Hermaphrodite flowers



16 Stem of treated seedling



17 Leaf of polyploid strain







The High Times Guide to Gurus

Guru means teacher. A guru teaches you your own true nature, which all gurus agree cannot be expressed in words. Lao Tsu said, "Those who know don't say." However, that hasn't stopped anyone from trying, including Lao Tsu.

A guru can act in many ways: as friend, mirror, guide, God or psychic martial arts master. There is also always the possibility that a guru is even crazier than thou. More than one perfect master has turned out to be a perfect con man. Only you can tell, and when dealing with the mercury of your own mind, it ain't easy.

Gurus, like everybody else, seldom agree with each other. If they did, everything would be simpler, but less interesting. This guide is a line-up of the major-league gurus whose philosophies have become national issues. We've omitted a lot of one-horse, 12-apostle gurus on the assumption that people will always go to the advertised brand.

Choosing a guru is a lot like voting for president. It is an act that requires a leap of faith, not to mention Kierkegaard's teleological suspension of the ethical. What you are about to read may shock you. Look within before you look without. Beware. And be aware.



Wide World

SRI CHINMOY

Bio: Born India 1931. Entered an ashram at 12, spent the next 20 years meditating, came to New York in 1964. Director, United Nations Meditation Group. Author 302 books. He is also painter, composer and musician—his latest disc being "Music for Meditation" on the Folkways label.

Philosophy: Emphasizes love, devotion, meditation

through the heart and surrender to the guru. Meditates with disciples once or twice a week. "I enter into each individual soul and see what the soul wants from me: peace, light, bliss. Whatever the soul wants I offer in utmost silence."

Lifestyle: Purity and cleanliness are prerequisites for Sri Chinmoy's student. Alcohol, cigarettes, drugs and so on, verboten. "Drug addicts, alcoholics or hippies" need not apply. Male disciples wear short hair. "It is my inner feeling," says Sri Chinmoy, "that when men have short hair they look smarter, more handsome and more charming. Disciples live in their own homes, but must

attend center meetings, unless they have a good excuse."

Drawbacks: His poetry for one thing. Sri Chinmoy once wrote 843 poems in 24 hours. The quality of the poetry, pious doggerel, shows it. Painting and music, ditto. Disconcerting habit of signaling his entrance into the highest level of samadhi by rolling his eyes halfway up into his skull.

Quote: "To illumine our life we need pure thoughts. Each pure thought is more precious than all the diamonds of the world, for God's breath abides only in man's pure thoughts."

Access: Sri Chinmoy, P.O. Box 32433, Jamaica, N.Y. 11431



Peter S. Man

OSCAR ICHAZO

Bio: Born 1931, La Paz, Bolivia. Experienced paralyzing cataleptic attacks at six and a half. Studied martial arts, cabala, Gurdjieff, Buddhism, Confucianism, Zen and got high with Andes Indians. In 1969 in Arica, Chile, he began instructing John Lilly, Claudio Naranjo and others in "a mixture of ashram, monastery and boot camp."

Philosophy: Arica identifies nine "hypergnostic" systems that manifest on physical, psychological and spiritual levels. The 40-day training clarifies these systems by using "psychosomatic isthenics"—movement, breathing, diet, "yantras" (mandalic op-art diagrams) mantras and more. The two penultimate steps—said to lead to complete enlightenment—must be taken within the protected space of a monastery.

Lifestyle: Aricans tend to live together, usually sharing apartments or houses. When there are disagreements, or if deeper group harmony is sought, they practice "trespasso," gazing into the left eye of your partner in order to contact essential being. If it seems that no agreement or unity is possible, a person might find his ego "reduced" (told where they are stuck in no uncertain terms) or "circulated," asked to move on till they can get it together. Sex, eating, drugs—LSD excepted—cigarettes, alcohol and sickness are permitted most of the time. Aricans tend to live, dress and party in high style.

Drawbacks: You cannot recognize another person's level until you are there yourself, and you can't get there yourself without taking the training. The 40-day training—including room and board in lovely rural settings—can cost as much as \$1,400.

Quote: "A human being is more than anyone believes."

Access: Arica, 24 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.



BABA RAM DASS

Bio: Born Massachusetts, 1936, as Richard Alpert, Ph.D. in psychology, Harvard. In 1961, fellow psych prof Timothy Leary gave him his first hit of psilocybin. Experienced ego death, panic and the calm center behind and beyond it all before he and Leary were fired from Harvard. Lectured around the country about the wonders of psychedelics. Then discovered that no matter what he took or how often he took it, he always came down. Went to India and met an old man wrapped in a blanket, Nirmal Baba or just plain Maharaji. Maharaji swallowed a whole handful of LSD with no more effect than a slight twinkling of his eyes—he was already "there." He christened Alpert Ram Dass (servant of Rama) and put him on a strict yogic training program, then sent him back to America, where Ram Dass began lecturing, this time about the spiritual journey. *Be Here Now*, a book Ram Dass produced with New Mexico's Lama Foundation, has sold hundreds of thousands of copies. Other books include *The Only Dance There Is* and *Crist for the Mill*. His brother has called him Baba Rammed Ass.

Philosophy: Ram Dass teaches Ashtanga, or eight-limbed, yoga including bhak-

ti—devotional song and dance, haitha yoga, meditation and doing good deeds daily. Dass's main interest, however, is not to teach one form of yoga, but to help people understand the spiritual path. His lectures tend to emphasize the common experience of that journey, often using himself as a humorous example of what not to do. He has been called the stand-up comedian of the karma circuit.

Lifestyle: Ram Dass does not have a center or hold classes, and he claims not to have students. Until recently he personally answered mail from anyone with a spiritual question. Last year he slipped out of sight—rumor has him back in India, supervising a statue of Hanuman he is building as a memorial to his guru—and all mail is being returned unopened. Every body is pretty much on their own.

Drawbacks: Whereabouts unknown.

Quote: "Will [life] ever be The Big Ice Cream Cone in the sky?"

Access: Hanuman Foundation, Franklin, New Hampshire 03235.



BHAGAWAN SHREE RAJNEESH

Bio: Born India, 1931. Obtained realization at 21, while meditating in a tree. Taught philosophy at Indian universities and traveled around India lecturing, debating and

generally causing trouble among the more orthodox Indian guru followers. Left academia and set up ashram in Poona, India, in 1966.

Philosophy: Before you can reach the deeper stages of meditation, says Rajneesh, you have to break through your psychological blocks. For this reason, encounter groups, primal therapy and rolfing are all part of ashram life. Rajneesh's unique contribution to meditation technique is "chaotic" meditation, which begins with ten minutes of rapid exhalations, followed by "catharsis" or freaking-out followed by jumping up and down shouting the mantra *Huum!* This unlocks the sexual energy in the lower chakras. Then there is a period of silent meditation and finally, dancing to solar music.

Lifestyle: Rajneesh is more concerned with totality than with perfection. There is an understanding that as you progress, impure habits like smoking cigarettes and eating meat dissolve. Sex is viewed more as a plus than a minus. Disciples—called neo-sannyasans—wear orange clothing and *malas* (rosaries) with a photo of Rajneesh.

Drawbacks: Poona is a long way off, and you find that Rajneesh is so sensitive now that people who arrive to see him for personal interviews are checked at the door for offending odors. Even the scent of shampoo is considered too much.

Quote: "One should live spontaneously, naturally and not try to follow any right or any wrong."

Access: Shree Rajneesh Ashram, 17 Koregaon Park, Poona 411 011 India. Also: Ananda, 29 East 28th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



Stephen Hawkins

PIR VILAYAT KHAN

Bio: Born London, 1916, son of Pir-O-Murshid Hazrat Khan, who founded the Sufi Order in the West, an adaptation of Sufi Islam as it is practiced in the Middle East. Named as father's successor at the age of ten. Raised in England and France. Holds degree in psychology from Paris University, studied music at L'Ecole Normale de Musique de Paris and comparative religion at Oxford. Spiritual schooling in India and the Middle East with Sufi masters and other esoteric teachers.

Philosophy: "Any person who has a knowledge of life outside and within is a Sufi. Therefore, there has not been, in any period of the world's history, a founder or an exponent of Sufism, but Sufism has been all along." Sufism emphasizes the unity of the mystical core within all religions. Thus, in Khankas—Sufi ashrams—Buddhist meditation may be practiced on Monday, Hinduism on Tuesday, Zoroastrianism on Wednesday, Sufism Thursday, Islam Friday, Judaism Saturday and Christianity on Sunday. The most commonly recognized Sufi practice is dancing, including the fast whirling made famous by the dervish school. Other Sufi dances are circular and slow, stressing the opening-up of the heart.

Lifestyle: Sufis are traditionally "hidden." There is a New Age Community, Abode

of the Message, in New Lebanon, New York. They run a VW repair shop, bakery school and Aquarian Systems Computer Designs.

Drawbacks: The dancing is great for opening heart centers, but it's easy to get very dizzy. No dope allowed.

Quote: "If you do not see God in man, you will not see him anywhere."

Access: Sufi Order Secretariat, P.O. Box 396, New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125



New Age Magazine

CHOGYAM TRUNGPA, RINPOCHE

Bio: Born Tibet, 1939. Recognized in infancy as a tulku, or reincarnation of the Eleventh Trungpa, one of a succession of enlightened Buddhist teachers. Trained in the Kargyu and Nyingma traditions of Tibetan Buddhism. Abbot of a large group of monasteries until the Red Chinese invasion of 1959 when he led a large group of followers by foot across the Himalayas into India, where he learned English. Attended Oxford, founded Samye-Ling Monastery in a remote part of Scotland and married an English girl. Some of his conservative students did not approve, and in 1970 he came to the states, where he found more fertile ground for his seemingly radical, unorthodox approach.

Philosophy: Buddhism begins not with the vision or promise of heaven, bliss or even enlightenment, but with

the First Noble Truth, which is the truth of suffering. The root of suffering is impermanence, which leads to the Second Noble Truth, the truth of the origin of suffering. This is found through the practice of sitting meditation which leads to the Third Noble Truth, the truth of the cessation of suffering. This leads to the Fourth Noble Truth, the truth that there is a path—a path based on facing the experience of your life, both positive and negative directly. Buddhism also points to the transcendence of all we think of as the self.

Lifestyle: Intensive practice is mixed in with a worldly lifestyle that might shock some more traditional meditators. Suits and ties are *de rigueur* for formal ceremonial occasions. Tibetan or Indian dress is discouraged. Trungpa's major contribution to the American spiritual scene has been his introduction of the idea of "spiritual materialism," in which the ego uses spirituality for its own gratification.

Drawbacks: Elusive, except when teaching at seminars and retreats. Sitting meditation is designed to bring you down, and not to get you high.

Quote: "Meditation is not a matter of trying to achieve ecstasy, spiritual bliss or tranquility, nor is it attempting to become a better person. It is simply the creation of a space in which we are able to expose and undo our neurotic games, our self-deceptions, our hidden fears and hopes."

Access: Vajradhatu, 1345 Spruce Street, Boulder, Colorado 80302



Sandy Solomon

WERNER ERHARD

Bio: Born Jack Rosenberg, Pennsylvania, 1935. Left his wife to build an encyclopedia-sales empire in California where he suddenly "got it," while sitting in his car—a natural setting for enlightenment in California. Through word of mouth and media coverage, est (Erhard Seminar Training) spread rapidly.

Philosophy: People are stuck in their conditioning like rats in a maze of their own making, for which they habitually blame everyone else. Once people "get" that, they can create their own experience and control their own lives.

Lifestyle: For people who make est their path there are ongoing workshops in relationships, communications, etc. You also volunteer to work in est offices, assist at events and start the process toward becoming a staff member or a trainer. This kind of work demands great efficiency and attention to detail plus a casually expensive razor-cut, sweater-and-slacks look. It's OK to smoke or drink, though there's usually not time for anything more than "getting the job done."

Drawbacks: Training costs \$300 for which the trainers insult you through a three-day spiritual blitzkrieg. Graduates of est can share a

rather glazed good German
ust-following orders air

Quote: "You and I possess
within ourselves, at every
moment of our lives, under
all circumstances, the power
to transform the quality of
our lives.

Access: est. 765 California
Street, San Francisco, Cali-
fornia 94108



SATCHIDANANDA

Bio: Born India, 1914.
Worked in agriculture, me-
chanics, electronics, cinema-
tography and business. Met
Guru Sri Swami Sivananda
in the Himalayas and re-
ceived the sannyasi (monk's)
vows in 1949. Came to New
York in 1966 for a two-day
visit and stayed for five
months, founding the first of
his Integral Yoga Institutes.

Philosophy: Integral
Yoga's goal "is a body of
perfect health and strength
mind with all clarity and
control, intellect as sharp as a
razor, will of steel heart full
of mercy, a life dedicated to
the common welfare and re-
alization of the True Self."
The main emphasis is on
hatha yoga asanas (postures),
but the Integral Yoga path
also goes on to include pran-
ayama (breathing exercises),
selfless action, chanting of
holy names, mantra repeti-
tion, prayer, meditation,
study and reflection.

Lifestyle: The hatha yoga
classes are open to anyone
for a modest fee, and they are
one of the best bargains in the

spiritual marketplace. Ad-
vanced students become dis-
ciples, taking sannyasi vows
of celibacy, vegetarianism.

Drawbacks: Swamiji has
met twice with the pope,
opened the Woodstock Fes-
tival, and along with a Zen
monk, a Catholic priest and a
Jewish rabbi, heads the
Center for Spiritual Studies.
By including everyone and
everything, he has developed
a style so broad and inoffen-
sive that nothing very mean-
ingful gets said. Fine for
hatha yoga, but his answers
to more complicated prob-
lems can get a little platitude-
ous (an English word
meaning dull).

Quote: "We teach un-
doism, not Hinduism."

Access: Integral Yoga In-
stitute, 227 West 13th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10011, phone
(212) 929-0585.



MUKTANANDA

Bio: Born South India,
1908. At the age of 15 Muk-
tananda met the renowned
Guru Swami Nityananda. In
1961 Nityananda left his body
and passed along the power
of the Siddha lineage to
Muktananda.

Philosophy: Muktananda
transmits kundalini energy,

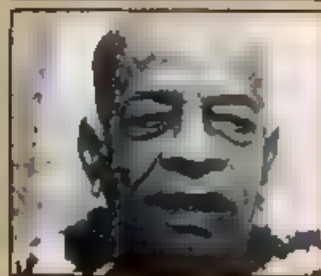
which awakens a corre-
sponding energy lying dor-
mant in the disciple. Once
kundalini is awakened con-
sciousness automatically ex-
pands. Some people
experience visions, strong
rushes of energy, spontane-
ous physical movements.

Lifestyle: The ashram
Muktananda runs in India is
strict and disciplined. Celiba-
cy and purity are the norm
for people who go all the way
to become monks or nuns,
although this step is not
counted necessary. Men and
women sit separately during
chanting and meditation.

Drawbacks: Demands
total surrender to the will.
Forget it if you can't surren-
der to the Guru Muktananda.
If you like sex more than
spiritual bliss, stay away.

Quote: "Kundalini is the
supreme energy, the supreme
intoxicating drug."

Access: Siddha Yoga
Dham, 324 West 86th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10024, phone
(212) 873-8030.



HIS DIVINE GRACE A.C. BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI PRABHUPADA

Bio: Born Calcutta, 1896.
Retired from married life at
54 to become a sannyasi.

Charged by his master with
the responsibility for bring-
ing the Vedic teachings to the
English-speaking world, Bhak-
tivedanta took a
freighter to New York in 1965.
Opened the first International
Center for Krishna Con-
sciousness in a Second
Avenue storefront a year
later, teaching the mantra
Hare Krishna.

Philosophy: Hindu fun-
damentalism. There is a God,
whose name this time around
is Krishna, the eternal, all-
knowing, omnipresent, all-
powerful, all-attractive
personality of Godhead. We
are not our bodies, as we
might think, but eternal pure
souls, parts and parcels of
Krishna. All actions should
be performed for Krishna
rather than for our own sense
gratifications. Devotees
chant "hare Krishna, hare
Krishna, Krishna Krishna,
hare hare, hare Rama, hare
Rama, Rama Rama."

Lifestyle: Devotees are
encouraged to "extinguish"
their senses—no sex unless
for purposes of procreation,
no meat, alcohol, cigarettes
or drugs. Devotees wear
orange robes, men shave
their heads—except for a knot
of hair—and generally follow
the traditions of orthodox
Hindu monks.

Drawbacks: Swallowing
India whole often leads to a
bad case of acne as well as
spiritual indigestion. Mem-
bers of the public gen-
erally consider Krishnites
cross-cultural casualties who
block traffic with their
blissed-out incense peddling
on main streets of large cities.

Quote: "The name of
Krishna is as powerful as
Lord Krishna himself."

Access: ISKON, 340 West
55th Street, New York, N.Y.
10019, (212) 765-8610. ■

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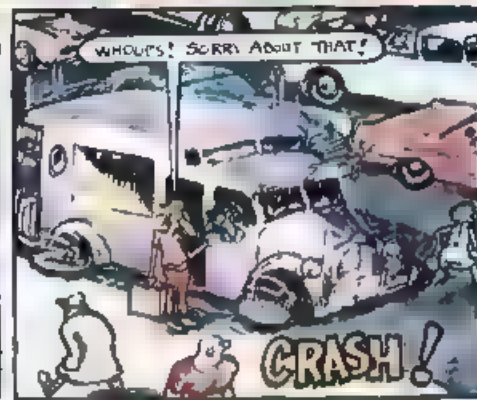
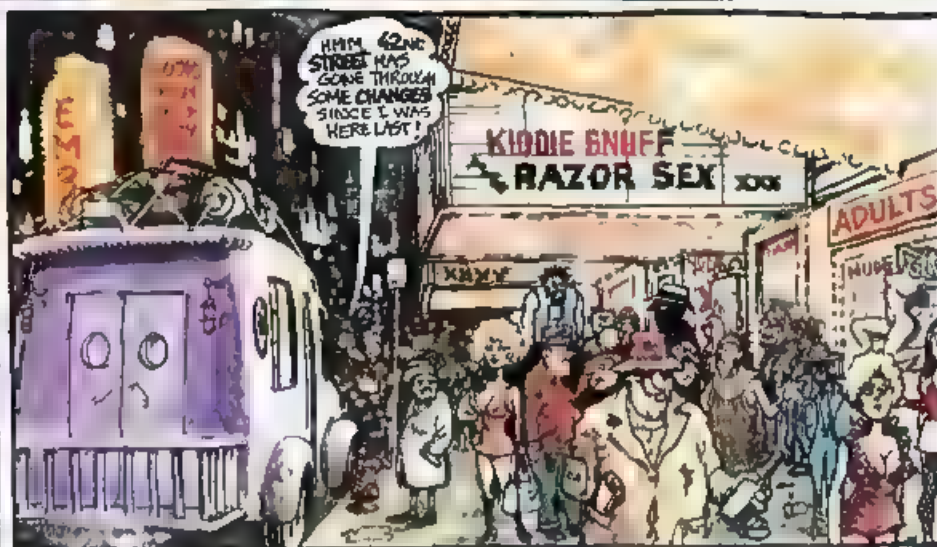
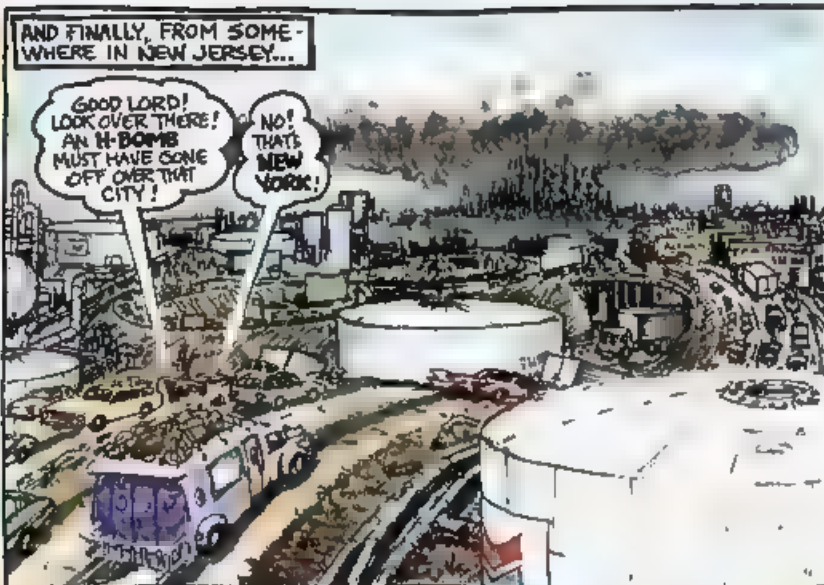
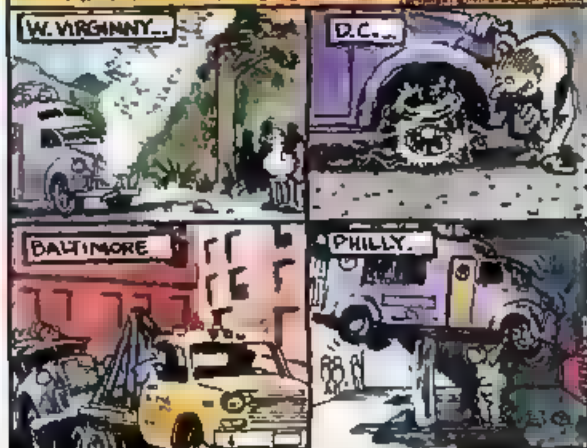
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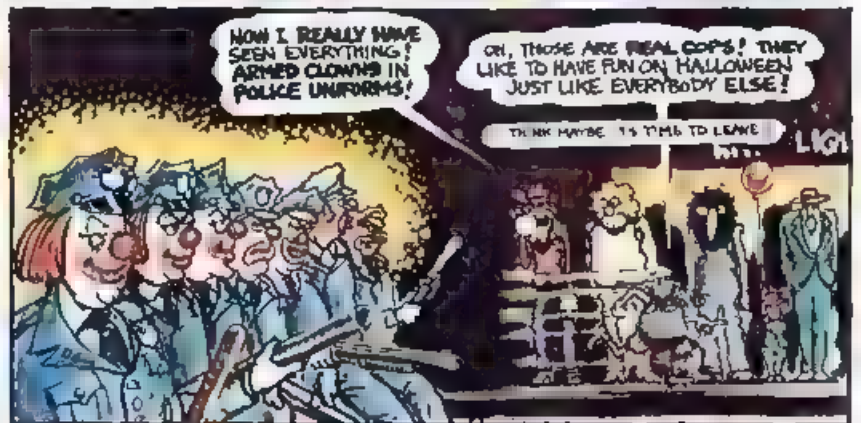
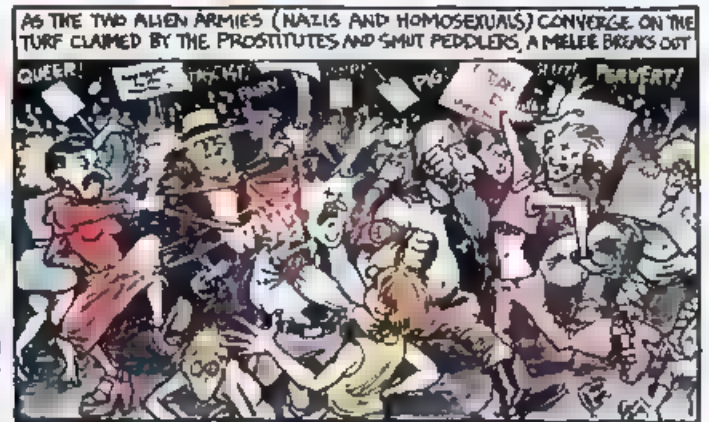


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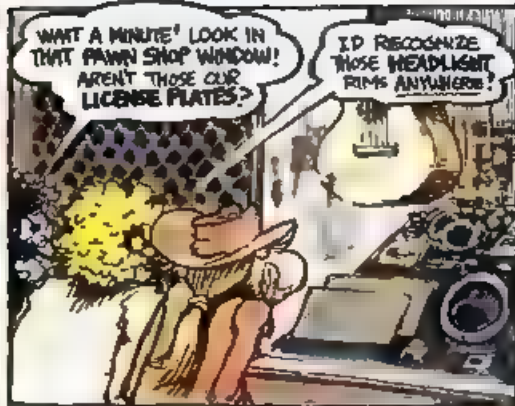
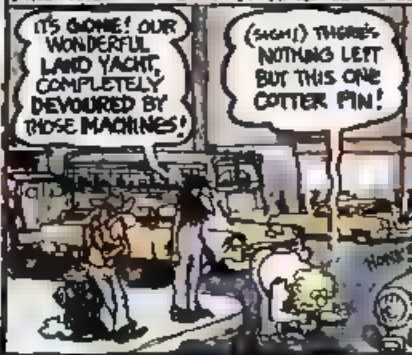




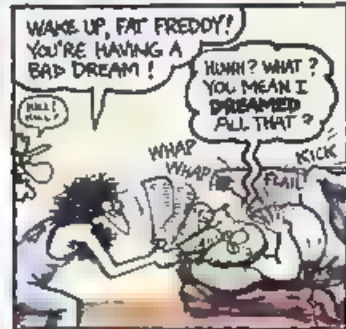
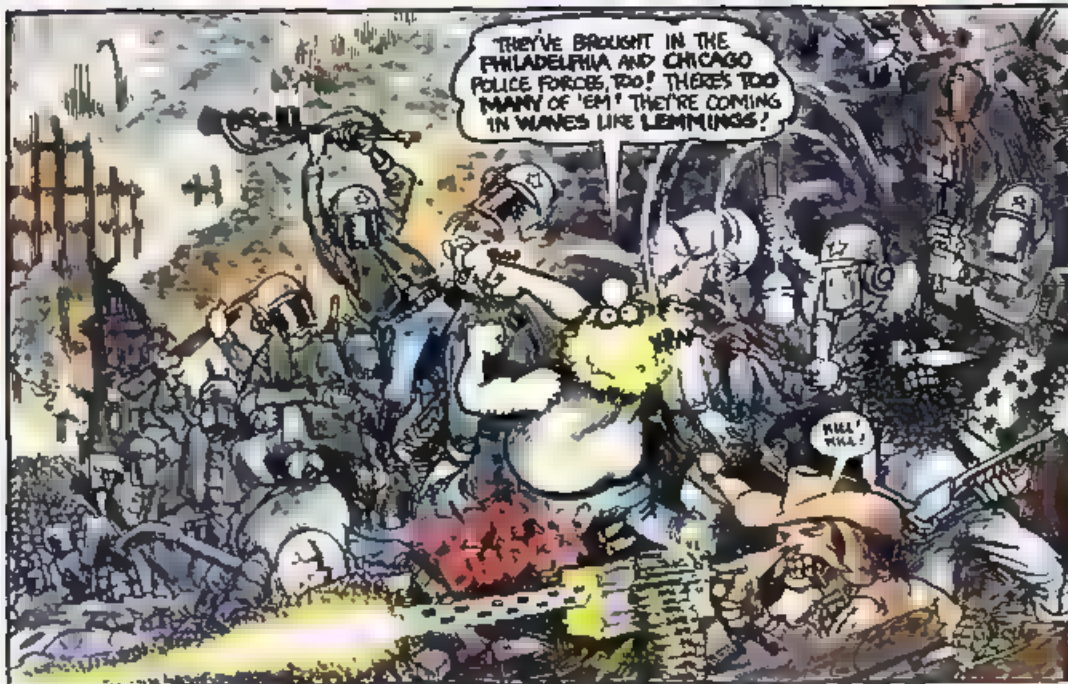
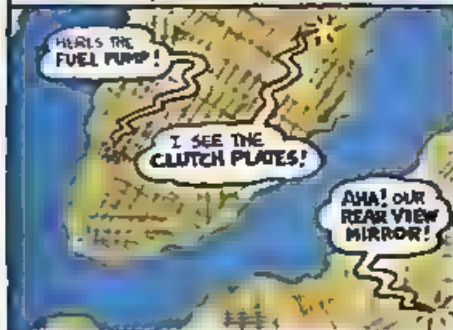
IN THEIR TERROR-STROKEN FLIGHT, NO ONE EVEN NOTICES THE SWARM OF STREET MECHANICS, WHO DISMANTLE THE VEHICLE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS.



IT IS DAWN BEFORE THE FREAK BROTHERS FIND THEIR WAY BACK TO TIMES SQUARE.



SHOP BY SHOP, THE PLUCKY FREAK BROTHERS COVER THE CITY, RETRIEVING THEIR BUS PARTS.






JOHNNY ROTTEN AND THE SEX PISTOLS

STORMHIPPIES OF THE SEVENTIES

BY NEAL BARLOWE




 here's no generation gap in the Rotten family. Mrs. Rotten stands firmly behind her son Johnny. Her real name is Eileen Lydon, and she has three other kids besides 20-year-old Johnny. What does she think of her son's outrageous career as lead singer of the Sex Pistols? She told her local paper, "My boy is doing his own thing. He's not going around murdering people. In fact, groupie-like Johnny's help society by bringing kids in off the streets."

Answering complaints about the Pistols' language, she said, "I've brought my children up plain-speaking." And on Johnny's drug bust "It was only speed." The truth is that Johnny's mum is a punk.

On July 11, the New York Times ran its first article on Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols. It wasn't a music critique in the Arts and Leisure section, it was a page two news story exposing the violence surrounding the punk rock craze in Britain. "Punk Rock, Britain's Latest Fad, Leaves Trail of Violence in Wake."

Not only were the punk rock fans brawling among themselves at concerts, but the fighting had spread to the streets, as the bands themselves had become the targets of assaults "by street toughs." It was reported that the Sex Pistols, the most controversial and most assaulted of the punk groups, had been forced to take refuge in Amsterdam for their own safety.

But for the most part the Times article treated this violent trend as a fad, commenting sardonically on the silly clothes of the punks, their deliberately torn and pinned rags. Still the Times did not fail to note that punk might yet have some sociological significance, explaining that this outrageous behavior had its roots in England's economic decline and the bleak prospects of the country's unemployed kids. Hmm. Could there be more to this punk rock than meets the eye?

 here's not much agreement on when punk rock started or who was the first punk band, but it's generally agreed that modern punk began in New York, and that perhaps the proto-punk group was the New York Dolls, who under the management of Britisher Malcolm McLaren, performed in red vinyl outfits under a commie red flag. The dolls didn't quite make it. But Malcolm didn't give up. He returned to London, where he discovered the four young musicians who became the Sex Pistols.

McLaren not only supported the group, he dressed it. He saw dress, music and even advertising as forms of expression that could carry any message even one directly attacking the fashion, music and advertising businesses. In fact at this point the stance of total opposition might prove to be the most commercial commodity in the world.

The Sex Pistols played London's rock pubs, quickly becoming the hottest band on the scene and McLaren landed them a

\$70,000 recording contract in October 1976. A few weeks later, the Pistols released their first single, "Anarchy in the UK," a rock and roll anarchist manifesto that carried the meanest sound since the Stones. "I am an Antichrist/I am an anarchist/Don't know what I want/But I know how to get it/I wanna destroy/Passers by/'Cause I wanna be anarchy."

It was rocketing up the charts despite a BBC ban on airplay, when the Sex Pistols made their TV debut. Appearing on a British talk show, the Pistols were behaving rather nicely until the show's host asked them to shock him. They did. Their comments also stunned much of the show's audience, the BBC and the government. Punk rock became a topic of discussion on the floor of Parliament. Said one member of Parliament: "If they mean to destroy us, we'd bloody well better destroy them first."

A month later, the Pistols were accused of vomiting at London's Heathrow Air

The Sex Pistols are more than a fad. They're a wise craze with plenty of sharp political analysis amid their safety pins and razor blades.

port. For some reason this shocked their record company, and the group was dropped, although "Anarchy" had hit number 28 on the charts. The band got to keep their advance, and McLaren soon signed the Sex Pistols with an American label, which forked over an even larger sum. But this deal collapsed within a week, allegedly because the band had terrorized the female members of the office staff at a signing party. Again the boys got to keep their check. They were getting rich, even if they couldn't get any records out.

Finally McLaren made a deal with an oddball English label eccentric enough to approach understanding them, and the Sex Pistols put out their second single, "God Save the Queen." This furiously fast big chord assault was even more outrageous than "Anarchy," with lyrics like: "God save the Queen/A Fascist regime/Made you a moron," or by another reading, "God save the queen,/the fascist regime /married to a moron."

This one was banned, not only on all radio and TV stations, but on all pub jukeboxes and in many record chains. Still it hit the charts at 11 and within a few weeks was number one. It was the first time that a radio-banned single had ever made the number one slot.

By this time, the Pistols and most other militant "new wave" London bands were

finding it impossible to hook an engagement in London. So to celebrate their number one hit, Malcolm and the Pistols hired a ferryboat called the Queen Elizabeth for a party on the Thames. Anchored within earshot of Parliament, they partied and then performed "Anarchy" and "God Save the Queen." This attracted the attention of the police, and the boat was hauled back to the dock where police clashed with punks.

In the following weeks things really began to heat up. Johnny Rotten, drummer Paul Cook, producer Chris Thomas, an associate art director and the manager of the studio where they were recording their first album, were attacked by outraged thugs in separate incidents. It took 15 stitches to close Cook's head.

Life was getting dangerous for the Sex Pistols. If they were only a fad, there were some people who didn't know it. They were being treated like genuinely dangerous subversives. McLaren moved the band to Amsterdam. It seems that they have done all they can in England for the moment. The next step is to release an album and then maybe tour America.

Back in London the other new wave bands were carrying on the fight: the Clash, the Jam, Generation X. And in New York, where it all started, punk is beginning to look like more than a fad too. Dozens of New York rockers are landing record contracts, and although it still seems something less than a mutant political party, the potential is certainly there, and things are happening fast.

Just as rock was becoming socially acceptable, the punks tried to make it bad all over again. They're not only bringing to rock the raw energy of youth-power, but a philosophy that's ready for anything. The new rockers, especially in England, know all about selling out as they set out to sell without selling out. Old rockers wanted to be rich. The new ones seem more interested in being powerful. Where the Stones' revolutionary anthem "Street Fighting Man," concluded that there wasn't room for such a thing in London town, the Sex Pistols say that it's the only alternative.

The new music isn't much different. It's back-to-the-roots rock without the psychedelic excesses, realistic not romantic. The revolution is different this time: no psychedelic pie in the sky. Where Sixties rock fans sat stoned, still and passive, the new ones kick out the jams with their bodies while their minds tune into direct political messages.

So it just might be that the Sex Pistols are more than a fad. A craze they are, but a wise craze, with plenty of sharp political analysis amid their safety pins and razor blades. The Sex Pistols could mean a movement. Mick Jagger is on *Women's Wear Daily's* best dressed list. If Johnny Rotten ever makes that list, what will be our form of government? ☐

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Who Turned on Whom

(continued from page 46)

Projection from New Mexico, the Kaleidoscope from Milwaukee, the Seed from Chicago, the Georgia Straight from Vancouver, British Columbia, and the Nola Express from New Orleans, to name only a few. In L.A., the psychedelic message was conveyed by the Free Press, started by Art Kunkin at Pandora's Box on the Sunset Strip. Los Angeles also had its own Oracle, trying to reach the standards already set in San Francisco. Beyond this, a variety of "Communication Company" memos were issued sporadically in New York by Jimmy Fouratt and in San Francisco by Chester Anderson, the author of *The Butterfly Kid*.

All of these updating communiqués were members of the rapidly growing Underground Press Syndicate (UPS). They freely allowed the reprinting of psychedelic-encouraging material, such as this widely-quoted statement from Ginsberg:

Abruptly then, I will make a first proposal—on one level symbolic, but to be taken as literally as possible, it may shock some and delight others that everybody who hears my voice, directly or indirectly, try the chemical LSD at least once, every man, woman and child American in good health over the age of 14—that, if necessary, we have a mass emotional nervous breakdown in these states once and for all, that we see bankers laughing in their revolving doors with strange staring eyes... I propose then, that everybody including the president and his and our vast hordes of generals executives judges and legislators of these states go to nature, find a kindly teacher or Indian peyote chief or guru guide and assay their consciousness with LSD.

The surprising thing in the situation at this time was that so few, in the wider perspective, were very curious. A dean at Columbia spoke of this once when he suggested at a faculty meeting that the university not graduate any senior who hadn't at least smoked some grass. Students who hadn't toked up by the late Sixties, he said, showed such little interest in the real world that they could never be a credit to the institution.

Hollywood also was on the psychedelic bandwagon, using the turn-on as a central theme in wide-screen technicolor production. Peter Fonda was featured in *The Trip*, a Hollywood version of the psychedelic experience. It was reported at the time that Fonda would smoke grass on the patio of his Hollywood Hills home while police helicopters buzzed by periodically. The namesake for *I Love You, Alice B.*

Toklas was Gertrude Stein's author-lover who had a notorious recipe for hash brownies. We can only speculate whether the film's star, Peter Sellers, partook. But Lew Gottlieb, the psychedelic guru in the movie, definitely did. Gottlieb started Morning Star, a communal farm in Sonoma County, California, and he was also one of the Limelights. Other psychedelic films included *The President's Analyst* starring a dapper and possibly turned-on James Coburn; and that tour de force of psychedelic animation, *Yellow Submarine*, which blended turn-on movement with the Beatles music.

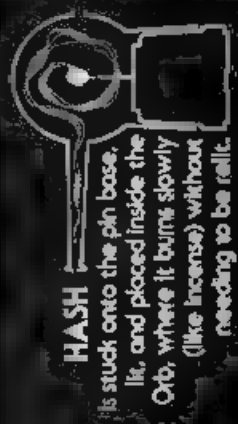
By the time the Beatles had gotten themselves decked out in Sgt. Pepper costumes, however, the country was also being turned on by a new kind of film which Gene Youngblood would call the "expanded cinema." This genre was typified by Jordan Belson's *Re-Entry*, *Somudhi* and *Momentum*. Other filmmakers including Jean Mayo and Francis Lee tried to convey an impression of their own psychedelic experiences.

Psychedelic cinema was being projected on the walls and screens of light-show emporiums such as *The Electric Circus* in New York's Lower East Side, the Avalon Filmore and Family Dog in San Francisco, the Kaleidoscope and Shrine Auditorium in L.A. and in dozens of rock venues across the land. The ultimate rock and roll was Woodstock and the hundreds of festivals it begat.

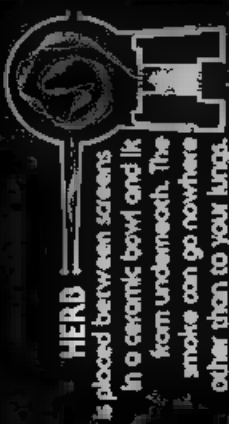
Until 1960, according to Hofmann, the world supplies of ergot, the necessary precursor to the manufacture of LSD-25, were extremely limited. Peyote was available, but not to any great extent. Yagé, DMT, psilocybin, MDA, STP, MDMA and ibogaine were all but unknown. But then, as Humphry Osmond put it, somebody discovered how ergot could be grown in churns. Now the ball really had begun to roll.

The discovery of how to mass cultivate ergot on *Claviceps paspali* was made in the Farmitalia labs in Milan, Italy. Before long Farmitalia was offering LSD-25 at \$10,000 a kilo, enough for eight million 250-microgram experiences. Then Spofa Pharmaceuticals in Czechoslovakia began manufacture, providing a high quality product which became available to anyone in Prague who wished to try the experience under medical supervision. Communist party leader Alexander Dubcek and most of the city's artistic community took advantage of the offer, which many claim led to the "Prague Spring" of 1968 that ended in a Soviet invasion. Spofa, however, continued to supply the drug until just very recently.

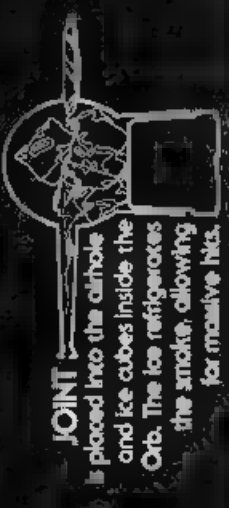
In the early Sixties, nearly all the LSD ingested came from these pharmaceutical sources. When Sandoz recalled LSD after the heavy scare campaign of 1966, most users became dependent upon underground supply. This had remained fairly



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amateurish and small until the advent of Augustus Owsley Stanley III, grandson of a Kentucky senator

Owsley came to the making of acid in 1961 after collaborating with one of the earliest manufacturers. Soon he was in business for himself in a makeshift laboratory behind a vacant store in Berkeley, California. His acid varied from early white capsules to what became known as "Owsley tabs," blue at first but later in other colors. Some were stamped with the figure of Batman or Robin, bearing such names as "Midnight Hour," "White Lightning" or "Monterey Purple"

Owsley got into the game due to his inability to procure pharmaceutical LSD-25, and within five years it had made him a millionaire. But he was put out of business following his bust in December 1967 at his Orinda labbing center. His apprentice, Tim Scully, carried on in association with Nicholas Sand, prolific Brooklyn alchemist. Together they put out most of the famed "Sunshine" acid

Sunshine was the second acid to gain a large distribution—world wide, as a matter of fact. The main source of these orange, crumbly tablets was Laguna Beach, a beautiful art colony on the coast of California. A "clean" scene developed there in the mid-Sixties, with many taking Sandoz on the picturesque sands. Here was where Timothy Leary stayed after touring communes of the southwestern United States, the sites of many religious turn-ons

By 1969, five years after the town's first head shop was established, large amounts of Sunshine began to be pumped to an acid hungry population by a group called The Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Actually, the Brotherhood had started several years earlier as a religious group. But as dealing became big business, new faces emerged. Brotherhood members made large fortunes from the import of Afghanistan hash, selling it from a center on a small street called Woodland Drive. The Brotherhood house burned down after a hookah filled with the best "primo" tipped over. Brotherhood members and Afghan royalty escaped the flames

In the Sunshine field, Nick Sand and Timothy Scully were the original suppliers, claiming to have produced the "improved" acid homologue ALD-52. By the turn of the decade, some 35 million doses of LSD—brown from oxidation and decomposition—had come via the European lab of Ronald Stark, presently a fugitive. The largest amount of this appeared on the West Coast late in 1970 (hence the designation "Christmas acid"). Leary, at this point, remarked, "The challenge to the dealer is not only must his product be pure and spiritual but he himself must reflect the human light he represents. Therefore, never buy dope, never purchase sacrament from a person that hasn't got the qualities that you aspire for." ■

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Murder at Elaine's

(continued from page 50)

Watergate meanderings you may have come across a mention of it. It's the lost resting place of the Golden Greek.

"The Golden Greek. You don't mean that scheme the Plumbers had to blackmail the Chappaquiddick girls."

Very good," said Victor. "I compliment your memory retention in the face of all the drugs you seem to ravage your body with. It's an obscure Watergate footnote many have forgotten."

Weren't they going to set up some Adonis type in a plush apartment with hidden cameras, then let him loose to snare one of the women who were on Chappaquiddick with Teddy Kennedy that night? They were supposed to film the Golden Greek fucking this woman and try to blackmail her into telling the real story of Chappaquiddick?"

"Indeed," Victor said, "there is public testimony such plans were discussed."

Indeed indeed. Some of the details were coming back to me. I remembered that at the time some people had called it the dirtiest of all the dirty tricks ever conceived by the White House 'offensive intelligence' agents. But it had been obscured in the rush to impeachment. Although the apartment had been rented furnished and equipped with cameras, all the people who testified either claimed the project never got off the ground or were vague about any overt acts taking place. Nobody even seemed to be able to recall where the apartment was located. Memory failure was a common problem in testimony about the Golden Greek exploit.

But nothing ever came of it, right? The Greek turned out to be a flop in the seduction game.

That is the consensus of the public testimony," Victor said.

"I mean, wasn't it in John Dean's book that he describes being given the key to the Greek's place by Caulfield or Ulasewicz to use for a New York date and he walks in with this woman he's trying to

impress and finds this place covered with pink shag rugs and gilt mirrors, all red and black leather like some fancy Chicago whorehouse. Apparently this was the Greek's idea of being continental."

Victor sighed and swung the car over to an exit off the FDR Drive, reflectively muttering, "There was a problem with the decor at first."

"You're telling me you worked on the Golden Greek scheme?"

Please. The so-called Golden Greek did not stay with the project long, nor did Caulfield or Ulasewicz, thank God. Some new people took charge. Some people who meant business and had the budget to follow through. There was a substantial redecorating job to be done. I worked with the decorator myself—and a substantial retargeting, too. Let's just say I made some of my services available."

Victor pulled the Bentley over to the curb on a quiet side street near East End Avenue. "Laurel, please put the blindfold on the gentleman in the back. I hope you'll realize that this is an act of concern for your well-being. If the colonel did not explicitly instruct me to bring you to him blindfolded, he might under some circumstances feel you could not be allowed back alive with the knowledge of his location."

Laurel fastened the blindfold, which reeked with strawberry incense, around my head.

And if things go well," Victor added, "and you don't try to lie to the colonel's vengeful lie-detecting device, we may take the blindfolds off and allow you to see some of the videotapes made in the apartment. There are some you might particularly enjoy, some certain segments reveal Lilah at her most delightfully spontaneous and uninhibited."

Uh, Victor, when you said "retargeting of the Golden Greek mission, just what did that mean?"

Do you think that they were about to dismantle all that expensive apparatus, the whole setup, just because he'd dropped out of the race? Uh-uh. They just reverted to what had always been the target all along—the Eastern media estab-

lishment. Think of it. If you're Nixon and you're talking to the head of the documentary division of one of the networks about some conflict of interest scandal he's onto, wouldn't you feel more confident if you had a videotape of the network guy sitting around naked blizzed on acid he's been slipped and gibbering like a chimp? Remember they tried to put acid on Jack Anderson's steering wheel. It was a pet fantasy of the Plumbers. And if you're dealing with the managing editor of a news magazine who's asking about your tax returns, wouldn't you like the security of having this guardian of public morality on tape wallowing in peanut butter and jelly with two chad porn stars?

Once an old guy asked me to use peanut butter on him," Laurel said. "I spread it on and—"

Wait a minute, Victor," I said. "Are you telling me that they actually went ahead with this?"

I've seen the videotapes," he said. "For a time I had custody of them. They could put a lot of powerful people out of commission in one way or another. By the time the Watergate hearings began, these things were just too hot, too seamy to add to the mess."

Remember when E. Howard Hunt asked for a cool million to keep quiet about certain seamy things he knew the White House was involved in?" Victor went on. "You think he was just talking about the Ellsberg break-in? This operation made that one look like an ACLU picnic. Very, very seamy. I don't even feel good about my role in it although all I did was make some introductions."

Did they actually make use of those two blackmen?

That's something I don't know, although from what I saw on the tapes I can make educated guesses. It was a very powerful, very dirty weapon, so dirty that once the heat started building on Watergate, the whole thing would have blown up in their faces if they made a move to use it. Eventually, when the search warrants and the indictments began to come down I was given custody of them, for safekeeping, with the right to burn them if I felt it appropriate.

You have them?

Had them. One night at Elaine's I made the terrible mistake of hinting to Walter Foster that I could arrange an unusual screening for him. Victor sighed.

I have a fatal weakness for attempting to ingratiate myself with the Elaine's set, and Foster was pumping me as usual on the subject of women I knew who had slept with the Kennedys. He was obsessed with the subject, he wanted to know everything down to the most clinical detail about them. And he wanted me to introduce him to them. And I did. I think he felt something, something he lacked that the Kennedys had might rub off on him from their women. Anyway, that night



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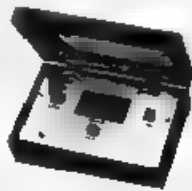
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when I hinted that one of these women might be viewed in all her splendor juggling with a network anchorman. Foster threatened to bar me from his table in Elaine's unless I arranged a private screening for him. What could I do?

It must have been a difficult moral dilemma, I said.

Is easy for you to laugh, Victor sighed. You probably think I'm nothing more than a pimp with pretensions. Someday I'd like to outline to you the much-neglected dignity of the pimp's role in literary tradition. Start with the figure of Ponceus in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, who unlike the coward and degraded pander in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* can be seen as a godlike creative presence, drawing the two lovers out of the encapsulated solipsism of the conventions of courtly love and into the communion of a common bed.

Indeed, the pimp should be looked upon as a muse figure, a go-between who brings together the realm of experience and the realm of imaginative inspiration. I wrote a thesis on the subject at Princeton—that's what I was doing until I got into supplying women to the media coverage of the Kennedy campaign. But later, after I had established myself as a go-between with the literary crowd, I realized I was doing something more than any English scholar could ever do—I wasn't merely expediting literature. I was expediting it.

Victor, why have we gone around the block four times? Laurel asked.

That's very shrewd, Laurel, giving them the deliberately misleading impression that we've gone around the block four times so they won't be able to keep track of our actual route. Very shrewd.

I felt the car lurch sharply to the right and head down an incline. It felt like we were entering an underground garage.

Wait a minute, Victor, I said. You said you had the Golden Greek videotapes. What happened to them?

That's what the colonel and I and a number of people would like to find out from you and Lilah. All I know is that not long after I showed Walter Foster those ex-Kennedy-girlfriend tapes, some experts broke into my place at the Dakota and took every single one of them. A week after Foster called up to ask for yet another showing of the Kennedy girl tapes, and I accused him of engineering the break-in. He accused me of faking the break-in to keep the tapes out of his hands, and I accused him of accusing me of that to cover up the fact he ordered that's where matters stood when Foster got shot and the colonel, who had been a client of mine from before his brief marriage to Lilah, expressed interest in using his new truth stimulator toy—I think he prefers that over the detector—to get some answers from Lilah on the subject of Foster's activities and the missing videotapes.

The stale and stuffy air of the underground garage settled over me like a warm shroud after Laurel nudged me out of the air-conditioned Bentley. Still blindfolded I was half-guided, half shoved across the gritty concrete surface by Laurel and her gun.

But what was Foster going to do with the tapes if he did manage to get them?

We all hope Lilah will be able to tell us the truth about that once she's strapped into the colonel's machine, but I would suspect they might play a role in his ultimate revenge scheme.

Revenge on who?

On whom? Victor, the ex-English major corrected me. On the entire literary media establishment. On Elaine's. It's odd. It wasn't so much that they took away his magazine from him, or his publishing company and his limo. Those he could get again. But when he lost his table at Elaine's something snapped. After that he no longer wanted a comeback. He wanted to tear down the whole fabric of literary society. I heard him once when I dropped down to the Caribbean to visit with the colonel. We'd been drinking absinthe all night and I didn't know whether or not to believe his outburst.

We entered what seemed to be a freight elevator, and Victor's voice rose and echoed as he began an imitation of the late Walter Foster.

Victor, he'd say to me, Victor they got real pirate kings down here. They got real pirates—they don't fuck around, and they got brass balls, these smugglers and sharks. Old Joe Kennedy himself couldn't have made it in this league. I thought I was big league. Christ, they keep me up at late hours, they thought I was fuckin' Jews because I could chew out some pasty-faced pencil pushers. Can you believe it? But let me tell you something, Victor. Their day is over. That's all I can say.

Do you think he'd go as far as to use Nixon's last dirty trick just to get back his table at Elaine's? I asked.

He doesn't want his table back. He wants to bring the whole establishment crashing down on top of it.

Hey you guys, said Laurel. Isn't it a little too late? This guy is croaked, right?

Yes my dear, said Victor. But that doesn't mean the plan can't go forward. If he's stored the tapes in a safe-deposit box with instructions for disposition upon death, a number of powerful people might want to find the key to that box. Wouldn't they, Lilah? said Victor, chuckling.

Still giggled, Lilah did not attempt to respond.

Judging from the length of the ride, it was a high floor on which the elevator finally deposited us.

Down the hall I heard a faint electronic hum. A door opened. Pushed in by a gun bolt, I stumbled blindly forward across a polished wooden floor. A strong and unfamiliar hand began guiding me down the

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Entry of several corridors and finally into a room with a rug that felt like the wide Sargasso Sea.

Welcome—an unfamiliar neutral voice began. My name is Dr. Manolo. The colonel will be with you in a moment. In the meantime, he has asked me to begin preparations. I will have to ask both of you to remove all your clothing.

Now, intoned the doctor's neutral voice, can you please step up and seat yourself in these chairs?

I wondered how Lilah was taking this. She had never told me much about her name, go to the colonel. She ran away with him shortly after he was transferred from the Nicaraguan consulate back to Managua. There he embroidered himself in the Machavellian family politics of the rural Somosa family. The colonel he got the rank from an early career in the secret police—claimed descent from a coastal black sheep branch of the family and had been driven into exile, Lilah said, because an intrigue he had concocted with the powerful deputy of the state's secret police.

Once I'd seen a blurry AP wirephoto of him in the company of Robert Letzgo, his most recent supporter. The colonel was a big man with a beetled face and a hint of melancholy in his eyes.

Welcome, my friends. It was the colonel. He sounded as if he was standing right in front of me. I apologize for the inhospitable gesture of removing your clothes and submitting you to the truth elicitor with such nonceremonious haste, but I feel a friendship founded upon truth and thus trust is the only true friendship. He spoke English flawlessly with only a trace of his Central American origins.

With one's clothes off, we have found one's autonomic nervous system is far more vulnerable and sensitive to the stress of deception. Don't you feel that's instinctively true, Lilah, my dear? You needn't answer. Of course you can't until I remove that gag, but I think we'll wait until we've fed you up to the machine. Dr. Manolo, do you think you can secure the electrodes to their nodes?

I felt cool swabs of alcohol wipe my temples, wrist and chest, and sticky adhesive-covered wires implanted thereon.

There's no sense in squirming in your chair, Lilah. I heard the colonel say. As long as you tell me the truth it will be as if we were having a simple husband and wife talk. It is good to see you once again in the flesh, shall I say, my dear.

Although I must say I have seen your flesh on videotape several times. You've earned some amusing diversions since our ill-starred marriage. Don't think I'm being an old-fashioned vengeful husband. Quite the contrary. I hope you will not subject yourself to unnecessarily debilitating pain in resisting the truth-eliciting power of my machine. Dr. Manolo, will you ready the sensors? I began to hear a low electronic hum coming from

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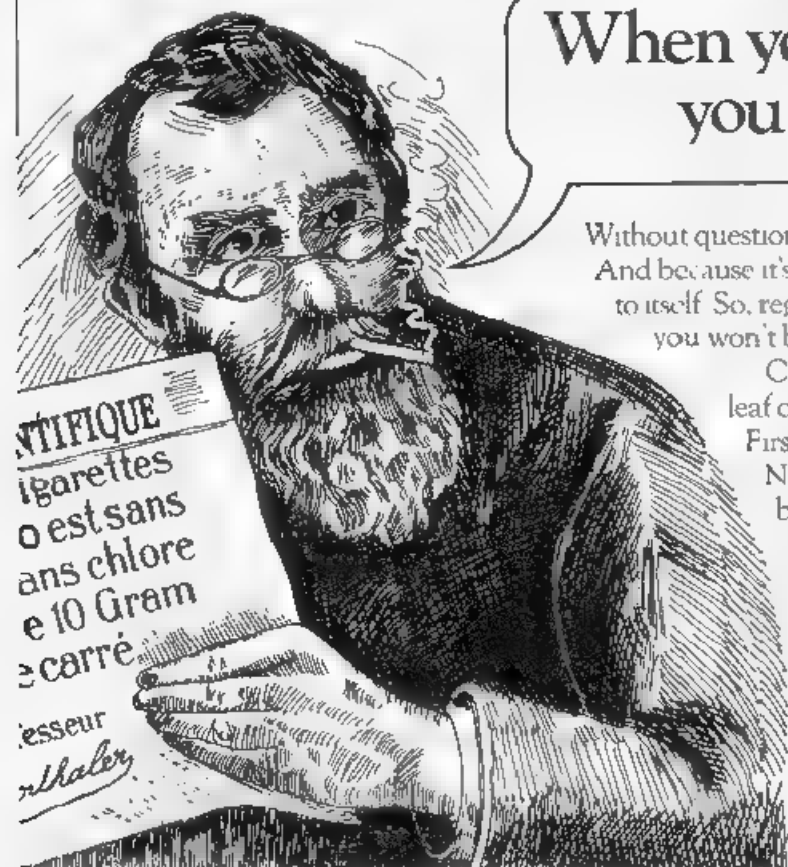
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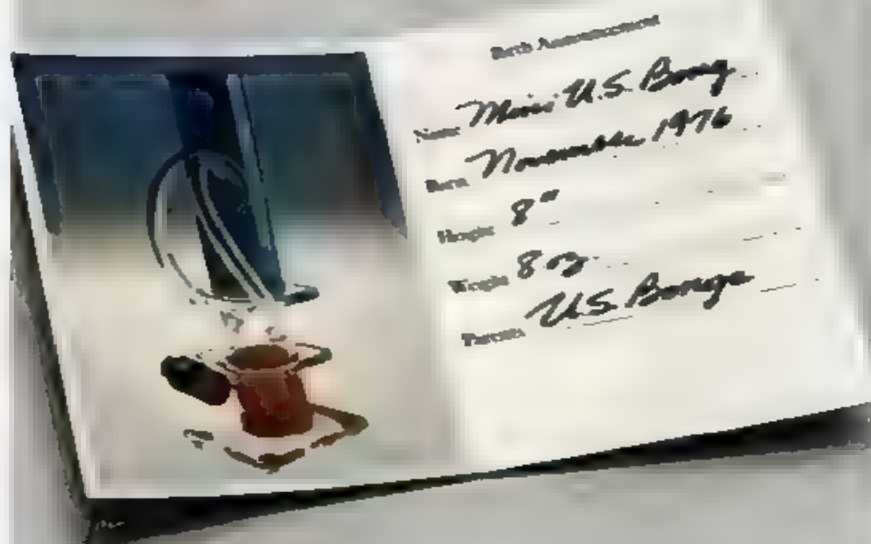
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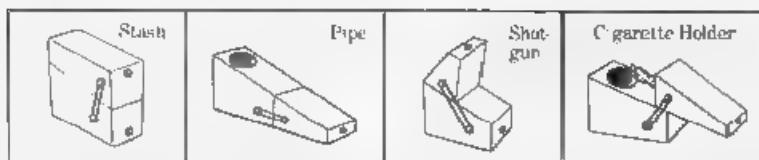
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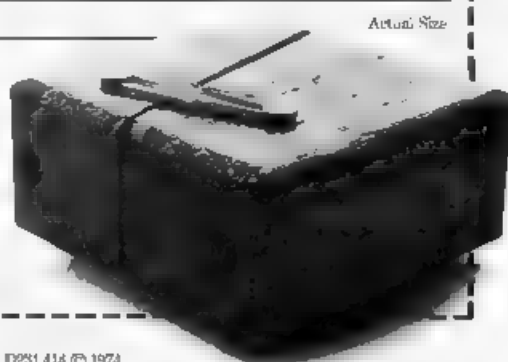
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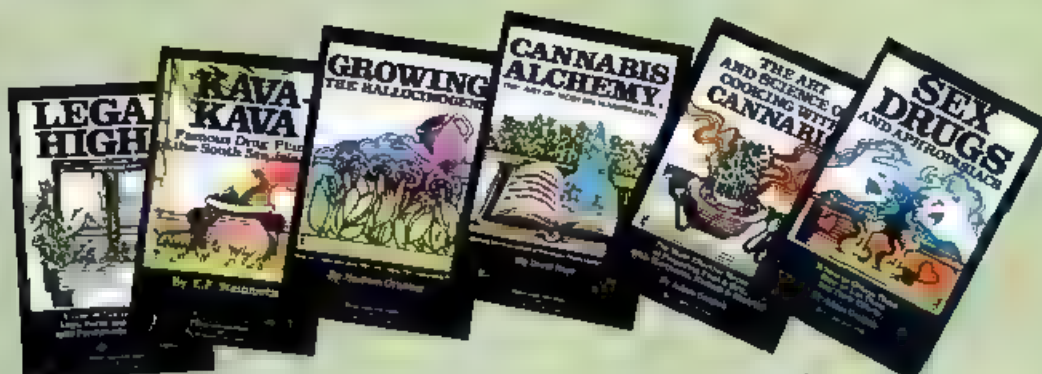
"I need that is not so far-fetched," the doctor went on. "I regret the necessity for the use of pain as a truth elicit at this stage of the machine's development—we've had some promising results in experiments with electrically stimulating the 2nd 11 centers of the cortex so that someone who has told a lie will suffer an immediate and unbearable attack of remorse and will weepingly confess the truth. But until then there is only pain. Let's begin with you, Lilah. Remember the truth will set you free. Dr. Manolo, will you remove the gag? Now, Lilah," the colonel said, pronouncing his words slowly and deliberately. Did you kill Walter Foster?"

I held my breath in the silence that followed. Then I heard Lilah start to say, "Of course not." Then I heard her start to scream. ■



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Indian Leader Fights FBI Murder Rap

American Indian Movement spokesperson Leonard Peltier drew two life sentences from an all-white jury in Fargo, South Dakota, for the deaths of two FBI agents in a shoot-out on the Pine Ridge Reservation in 1975. Peltier's lawyers are appealing the conviction in the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals. They hope at least to keep him out of South Dakota jails, where they fear he will be murdered by anti-Indian racists. Two other AIM leaders were acquitted of the same killings by juries last year. Another Indian activist, Joe Stuntz, was also killed in the incident, but no one has been charged in his death.

States Can't Play Cops 'n' Rubbers

The Supreme Court has struck down state laws against contraceptive advertising and sales to minors. Okaying window displays and rest room vendomatics, the opinion specifically junked a New York statute against sales to persons under 16 which was defended as a means of discouraging promiscuity. Commenting on this logic in the majority opinion, Justice John Paul Stevens remarked, "It is as though a state decided to dramatize its disapproval of motorcycles by forbidding the use of safety helmets."

Artful Dodger Takes Return Rap

George Turner landed in a federal pen in Chicago this year after blowing an ingenious tax scam because of a highly visible profile. For over a decade Turner has been filing many happy returns with the IRS each year, most made out to the name of real people but with phony Social Security numbers.

The trick, he explained, is to file early, before the real taxpayers pay up. He claims he even got a refund in 1965 under the name of Michael Rodent (Mickey Mouse) with some of the Mouseketeers listed as dependents. Revenueurs caught up with him when his local bank tipped off agents that Turner was cashing too many IRS refunds.

Ticket Tips Cop to Crop

Hell hath no fury like a woman fined. Koster would be pot farmer Glen Koster of Long Island. Koster and 180 plants were busted after an unidentified woman ticketed for speeding vented her spleen by snitching on her neighbor. Told he "should go after the real criminals," Nassau County cop Peter Smith followed directions to Koster's East Hills home and nabbed him with a garden hose in his hand. Smith thanked his informer but wrote her a ticket anyway.

America Going Stir Crazy

The United States imprisons a larger proportion of its population than any other country, reports criminologist Eugene Dolleschal in *Crime and Delinquency* magazine. The rate of 215 inmates per 100,000 people is rising, and Dolleschal says America's average sentence is the world's harshest, with the exception of political



terms in places like South Africa, Russia, Korea and Latin America. The U.S. prison percentage is 12 times Holland's world low of 18 per 100,000.

The study also shows that, in America, states with the highest incidence of crime tend to have the lowest incidence of prisoners. Furthermore, Dolleschal concludes that jail rates are determined not by crime rates, but by the size of the nonwhite population.

High Court Lowers Baby Boom

The Supreme Court has drastically curbed abortions for the poor by ruling that states may refuse to pay for them under Medicaid unless the woman's life is in danger. The decision is expected to virtually eliminate access to abortions among low income women. A majority of the court said women can still try private sources for aid, but dissenting Justice Thurgood Marshall called this hypocrisy "reminiscent of 'let them eat cake.'"

Much of the case information in "Low" courtesy of Peter Meyers, chief counsel of NORML. ■

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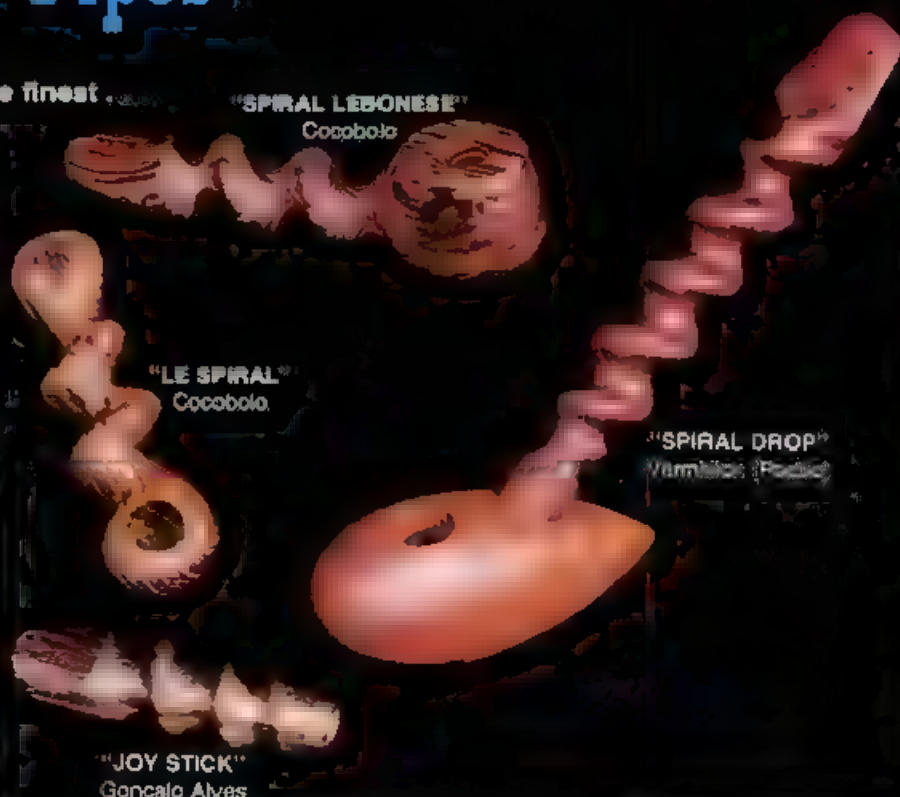
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Smoking the Snake

Venom Toking in India

Story on page 87

**Anita Takes Licks
at Gay Rallies**

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**20 Tons Seized
on High Seas**

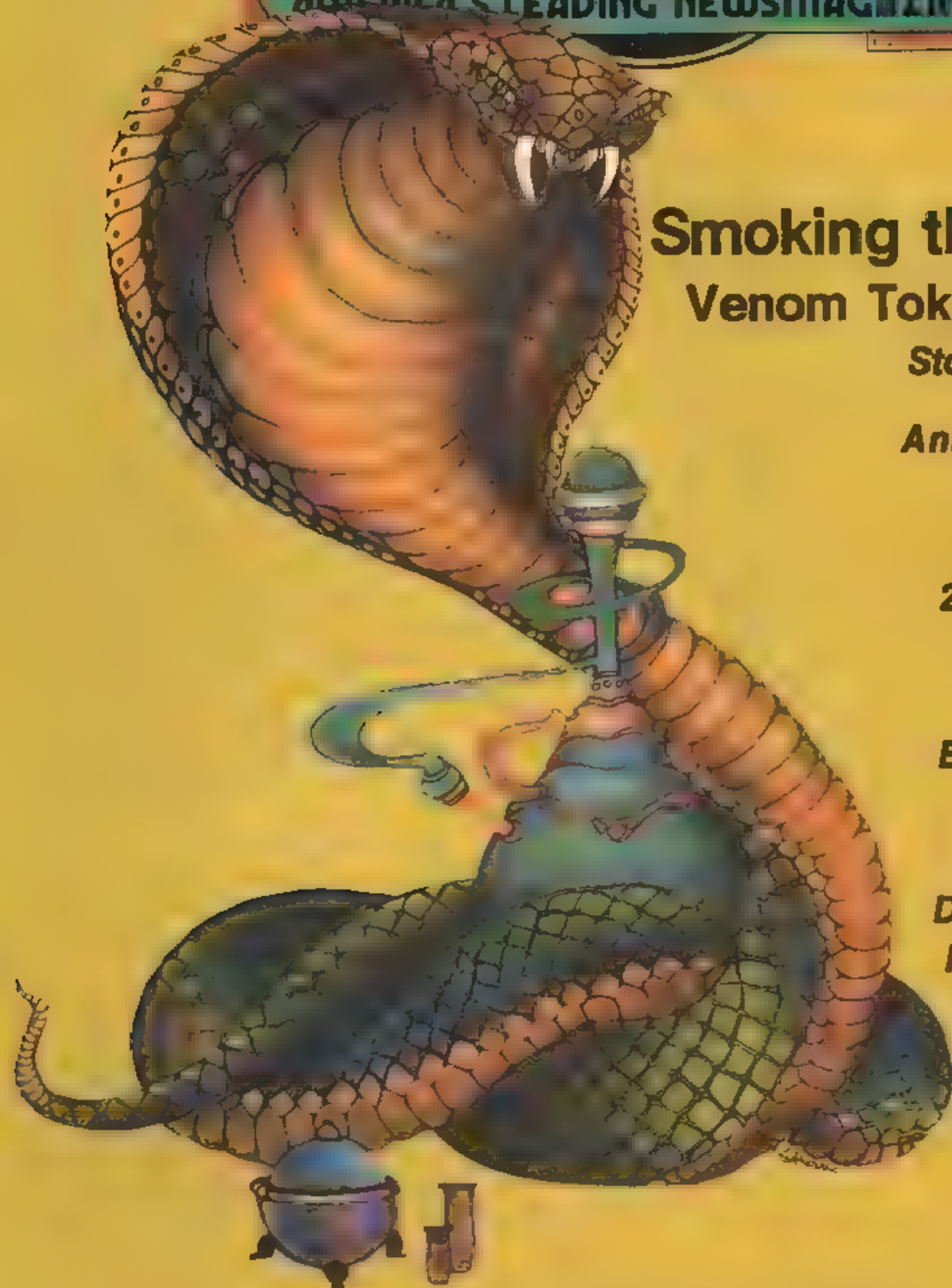
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**Blizzard Busted
in Bayou**

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**DEA Smuggling
Fashions Flunk
Court Test**

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Gays Say Anita No Peach

by Karen de Oriole

For years, homosexual rights activists have been chanting the slogan "Gay is Good." In 1977, however, with gay rights demonstrations throughout the country attracting more people, more stars and more militancy than ever, gay is not only good, it's the political issue of the year.

Crowd estimates for this summer's traditional Gay Liberation Day marches and rallies placed 100,000 supporters of gay rights in New York's Central Park and 200,000 on the streets of San Francisco. The San Francisco turnout was double that of the previous year, and in New York, where nonstraights have marched every June since the 1969 protest of a police raid on the Stonewall Tavern, this year's event was the largest gay rights demonstration the city had ever seen.

Singer/rightwinger Anita Bryant's successful campaign

for repeal of a gay rights ordinance in Dade County, Florida, in June has elevated her to the role of anti-queen of the nation's homosexuals. Marchers in San Francisco carried her picture alongside those of Hitler, Stalin and Idi Amin. Someone burned her in effigy on top of a Civic Center lamppost.

In media-oriented New York, Bryant's TV commercials for Florida orange juice inspired a vast array of witty placards such as, "Anita is the pits," "Anita is a lemon," "Oranges deserve better," "Anita sucks fruit" and "Anita

sucks." One demonstrator passed out postcards to be mailed to Bryant's employer, the Florida Citrus Growers, telling them, "We're switching to prune juice and will mail you the results."

The highlight of the entertainment at New York's Woodstocklike gay rally was a performance by Patti Smith, in which she gave her views on gay rights: "Men, are you

fucking men? Women, are you fucking women? Children, are you fucking dogs? Well, personally, I don't care who you're fucking as long as you fuck me."



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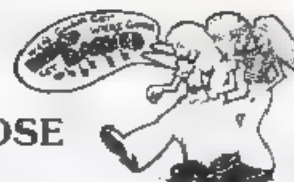
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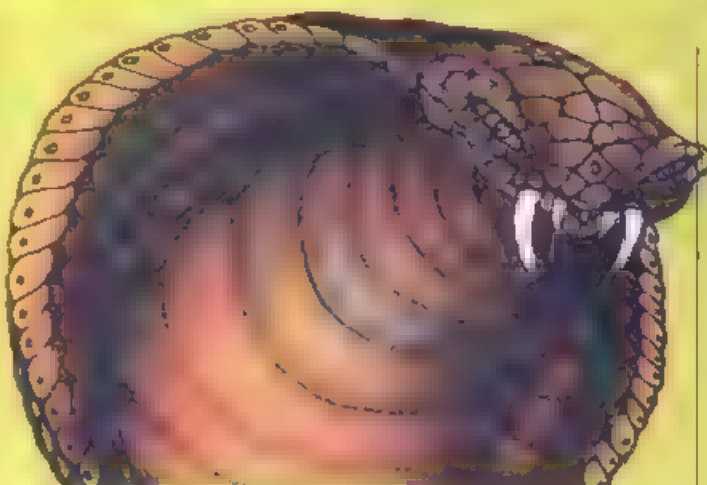
Red Cross  The Good Neighbor.

The Smoking of the Cobra

by Ma Prem Sona, Swami Ji

Smoking the snake, they call it the ritual ingestion by bong, chillum or bhotter of the venom of the hooded cobra. In India where more than 20,000 people a year die of venomous snake bites, the smoking of the cobra venom has been a tradition among the sadhu (holy men) for over thousand years. Just recently Western travelers have discovered the ancient rite, adapting it for its hair-raising high and live-or-die thrill.

The sadhu cultists who smoke the venom take their cue from the cobra around the neck of the Hindu god Shiva, "the destroyer." A sadhu who ingests the venom and lives has been accepted by Shiva; if not so fortunate, they are considered rejected. Sadhu Bhajuan Shree rajneesh, an "enlightened one," explained, "It's nothing new. It's been done for eons, not as entertainment, but as a form



of spiritual perception. Only lately have the young travelers taken to liking it, learning from the hashish smokers."

The venom is either brown or white, depending upon species of cobra. Sticklers for tradition prefer the white from the hooded cobra. A single drop is put on a sheet of rolling paper until it is absorbed and the dot is cut for

ways. This constitutes a day's supply. It can be eaten or, more commonly, smoked in the Indian chillum. More than a drop a day accumulates in the system and, whether Shiva likes you or not, will kill. The high is described as "unlike anything else," affecting the central nervous system and causing noticeable limpness in the neck at the base of

the medulla oblongata.

A woman from London described her experience: "Between my boyfriend and I, we ingested the venom of 22 cobras within a two-week period. We became telepathically linked and started speaking the same things at the same time. It is very natural, not artificial, and it bothers your neck. It's excellent for meditation. It has a metallic taste, and even when you're not doing it the metallic taste comes back on the back of your tongue and whoof, you're off to the races again. The color of our eyes changed. My eyes used to be dark brown; now they're almost gold."

A vial of cobra venom costs about 500 rupees in such busy towns as Goa and Arjuna Beach. Sadhus either raise their own snakes or buy from snake charmers. Lately, India's hash peddlers have been stocking the poison high to deal to Western heads.

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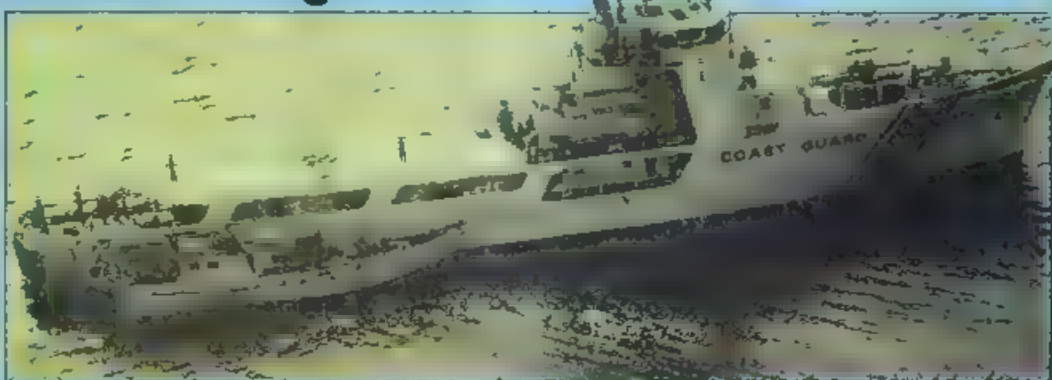
The Coast Guard has been forced to release the nine crew members of the Panamanian trawler *Lady Mark*, seized in international waters with 40,000 pounds of high quality Colombian in its catch—proof that even narcs must comply with the International Law of the Sea.

The *Lady Mark* and its Colombian crew were taken by the Coast Guard cutter *Steadfast* 30 miles west of Fort Myers, Florida, in the Gulf of Mexico, well beyond the 12-mile nautical jurisdiction of the United States. After days of delay, officials admitted they had nothing against the crew, since no connection was found between the pot and anyone on the mainland.

"There does not appear to be any violation of any U.S. law," complained an assistant U.S. attorney in Tampa. That didn't stop the Coast Guard from keeping the 20 tons of boo, although the fragrant ship will be returned to Panama. Said one officer "The odor of marijuana on board was very, very strong. I can't get it off my shoes."

● Narcs in Raleigh, North Carolina, are red-faced over a set-up scam in which two local narcotics squads arrested each other's key informants. The first informant worked for the local Alcohol Control Board (ACB) and was popped for possession of cocaine by Raleigh police. The second informant, working for the police against the first informant, was arrested three times by the ACB. In two of the arrests, both the police and the ACB narcs staked out the same location unaware of one another, and ACB agents landed on the police informant both times.

● Federal agents in California's Fresno and Madeira counties busted 13 persons accused of operating a machine gun factory manufacturing pieces to be traded for dope in Mexico. The group converted American .22 caliber Strum Ruger rifles into rapid fire automatics by cutting barrel and stock, removing the firing mechanisms and adding custom made parts.



Coast Guard Cutter Steadfast hauls *Lady Mark* to Miami for 20-ton shakedown.

● The DEA has compiled a pharmaceutical "Top 24," the two-dozen drugs most often stolen from pharmacies. In alphabetical order they are: Amytal, Benzedrine, Darvon, Demerol, Desoxyn, Dexamil, Dexedrine, Dilaudid, Empirin with codeine, Eskatrol, Florinal with codeine, Librium, Miltown, Morphine, Nembutal, Obetrol, Percodan, Placidyl, Preludin, Quaalude, Ritalin, Seconal, Tuinal and Valium.

● The nine-month investigation of a PCP factory in Michigan has resulted in the arrest of five men and enough chemicals to manufacture 600 pounds of the tranquilizer. A number of rural police forces assisted the DEA in the bust.

● Our man in Nairobi, Kenya, reports that Kenya's former commercial attaché to Paris, Justus Mutia Mulhembwa, has been arrested for possession of grass, a sign of the

growing pot traffic in that East African country. Police said they found two suitcases of bhang and illegal game trophies in the diplomat's home.

● Boy Scout leader Trevor Thompson was sentenced to five years for plotting to smuggle 330 pounds of grass into Britain from Morocco. Thompson apparently forgot the Scout's pledge to be prepared and was betrayed by a Scotland Yard informant.



High Times HIT PARADE



Huge busts in the southern trade routes were only the biggest in a long list of pot busts by narcs. Tin stars were stepping up their grass and hash assaults as this issue went to press. Farmers, runners, painters, diplomats and scoutmasters were among the users-turned-losers in this round.

20,000 lbs. St. Bernard's Parish, La. and Gulf of Mexico, 3 boats and 12 trucks, 18 arrests.

10,000 lbs. Boca Grande, Fla., ships *Jonathan*, *Big Daddy* and *Cat's Paw*, 17 arrests.

7,300 lbs. San Miguel, Ariz., 2 vehicles, 1 arrest.
6,000 lbs. Los Angeles, house stash, 3 arrests.
3,000 lbs. Miami, trailer house, 1 arrest.
2,000 lbs. Dodge Island, Fla., cargo container, 1 arrest.
2,000 lbs. Yuba County, Ca., farm, 4 arrests.
1,000 lbs. Garfield, Tex., U-Haul truck, 1 arrest.
1,000 lbs. Milford, Conn., house stash, 4 arrests.
250 lbs. Thai sticks, Burnaby, Br. Columbia house stash, 2 arrests.
29,563 plants. Pope

County, Ark., farm bust, suspects at large.
4,400 lbs. hash. New York port, 5 arrests in Ottawa, Canada.
1,300 lbs. hash. Minneapolis, Minn., house stash, 7 arrests.
830 lbs. hash. Halifax, Nova Scotia, dock bust, 2 arrests.
77 lbs. hash oil. Miami, Fla., inside scuba tanks, 2 arrests.
19 lbs. hash. Montreal airport, false-bottom suitcases, 2 arrests.
8 lbs. hash oil. Toronto airport, on body, 3 arrests.

Fake Priest Falls on Stairway to Heaven

The search of a bogus priest snowballed into a massive cocaine blitz in New Orleans, where Customs agents grabbed 40 pounds of blow from importers in five days of airport snooping.

The poseur priest, a Venezuelan, aroused suspicion while lugging three suitcases found to be containing 15 pounds of flake. Subsequent luggage searches turned up three more abandoned valises with an additional 14 pounds. The crackdown continued when another Venezuelan tried to run two suitcases containing 11 pounds of coke. Police say the two counters were associates and claimed a new Louisiana record for a single bust, the 15-pound pop.

● More than 32 pounds of coke were seized in a joint DEA-federales raid 30 miles southeast of Mexico. The narcs landed on seven suspects, considerable lab equipment, weapons and other drugs in the cowboy-style raid on the border jumpers. Two more arrests were added in a follow-up foray. Suspects belonged to the same family of trafficking Mexicans.

● Customs investigators and L.A. police arrested a Customs chemist holding 5½ pounds of missing confiscated toot in his San Pedro apartment. An informer ratted on John Quinn 33, and gave the cops what they needed to get a search warrant. Another Customs man, Meredith Hife, 28, was indicted with Quinn by the same grand jury.

● Whittaker Chambers, step aside. Ecuadorean narcs stopped a Datsun crossing the Peruvian border recently and swiftly smashed open a fat pumpkin in the lap of one of the passengers. Inside were 2½ pounds of coca paste, neatly inserted through a razored slit in the back. The bust led to the demise of three others on the Ecuador-Peru circuit. In Guayaquil, meanwhile, Customs police incinerated 122 kilos of toot the fruit of border raids.

● Kelly Ann Martin, perhaps the most prominent U.S. dope



Fuzz check-in blow busted at New Orleans airport

prisoner in Colombia, was released from her Barranquilla jail after nearly two years of incarceration for possessing a pound of cocaine. Jail officials said Kelly, the daughter of New York Yankee manager Billy Martin, was being released early because of excellent behavior and giving English lessons to fellow inmates. Her leave makes room for a Frenchman busted at Bogota airport carrying 15 pounds of coke in his false-bottomed suitcase.

● Customs had a banner Saturday recently when five suspects wilted one-by-one in Miami, coughing up 12½ pounds of cocaine in two separate smuggling attempts. Each of the four women arrested had about three pounds of snow taped to her body, and one had even made it through the first search to the public lobby before the heat ended. Two of the ladies were Californians running from Peru, and the other pair, a Hawaiian and a New Yorker, had flown from Colombia.

● New York police say they have busted a major cocaine distributor in the city. Although the 4½ pounds seized from a husband-wife team was hardly one of the largest in New York history, the rock was 98 percent pure.

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AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabu hash	better to be found	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	just OK	oz	2
Shirazi hash	excellent quality	kg	40-80
Mazar sharf	high demand, low supply	kg	100-200
		oz	5-9
		kg	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	sight	oz	20-40
Nepalese hash	improvement	lb	200-350
Indian hash	poorly made	oz	75-140
		lb	900-1250
Afghani hash	excellent when found	oz	70-90
LSD	U.S. blotter	lb	800-1100
		oz	100-160
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	1100-1550
		oz	2-5
		gm	100-225
		oz	75-115
		oz	1600-2100

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	scarce	oz	40-65
		lb	450-700
Mozambique grass	excellent when found	oz	60-90
Quaaludes	available	one	500-800
		100	2-3
Dormadinas	usually around	one	75-150
		100	1-2
		100	75-50

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	rare of late	oz	30-50
Chitra hash	tremendous quantity	gm	425-550
	just OK	oz	2-3
Lebanese hash	some temple	oz	40-60
Nepalese hash	best, good	oz	400-550
LSD	hard to find	oz	45-75
		lb	450-600
Cocaine	fair quality and quantity	gm	2-5
		100	225-350
		oz	60-80
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	stable situation	lb	150-325
Top-grade Mexican	scarce of late	oz	15-35
Commercial Colombian	good supply and quality	lb	35-55
Connoisseur Colombian	excellent when found	lb	450-575
Hawaiian	just stash	oz	35-50
		lb	350-500
Afghan hash	thick black slabs	oz	45-75
		lb	425-650
Indian hash	poor to fair	oz	200-275
		lb	2200-3200
Kashmiri hash	good to excellent	oz	175-225
Afghan hash oil	fair supply	lb	1400-2200
Honey oil	potent	gm	125-200
		oz	165-200
LSD	blotter fair to good	oz	1700-2400
Cocaine	good take	gm	30-50
		oz	400-600
		oz	35-55
		oz	450-650
		oz	2-5
		100	150-250
		gm	75-25
		oz	400-2000

COLOMBIA

Sanja Maria gold ref	excellent when found	oz	5-15
Machu Picchu	tasty smoke	lb	40-75
Punta Roja	very sweet red	oz	5-10
		lb	40-75
Colombian hash	poor to fair	oz	5-10
		lb	45-75
Colombian hash oil	some decent	100 b	25-50
		oz	2000-3000
		oz	150-225
		lb	1800-2500

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	cloth-sacked	gm	2-5
Moroccan hash	fair to good	lb	650-900
LSD	good when fresh	gm	50-250
	OK	lb	800-800
		hit	2-3
		oz	125-175

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	good to excellent	oz	75-150
Ecuadorian red	sweet smoke	oz	3-5
Cocaine	mostly flake	lb	60-125
		gm	25-40
San Pedro cactus	natural trip	oz	450-700
		free	

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	freshness of importance	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	fair to good	lb	600-850
Afghan hash	thin black sheets, good	oz	70-85
Colombian hash	poor to fair	lb	800-950
Hash oil	black Afghani	oz	75-125
LSD	blotter and dots	lb	800-1200
		gm	50-65
Cocaine	OK rock and flake	oz	550-750
Mandrax	available	hit	25-35
		one	375-500
		100	1-150
		gm	75-150
		oz	50-125
		one	2000-2200
		100	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Yamba	scarce of late	oz	40-75
Colombian	fluctuating supply and quality	oz	400-625
Moroccan	some good	lb	35-65
Afghani hash	thick slabs, good	oz	450-700
Chitra hash	excellent	oz	25-50
LSD	blotter, good	gm	350-500
Opium	OK	lb	5-10
		oz	900-1200
		hit	50-75
		100	500-750
		100	2-50-5
		gm	200-300
		oz	10-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	supply drying up	gm	2-5
Afghani hash	good to excellent	kg	1200-1300
Moroccan hash	soft green, tasty	oz	40-65
Thai sticks	highly desired	oz	500-725
LSD	rare	lb	25-50
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	350-500
		one	10-20
		100	750-1000
		hit	250-5
		100	200-150
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	improving slightly	oz	8-12
Thai grass	good supply	lb	115-225
Thai sticks	excellent	oz	50-100
Afghan hash	scarce	lb	750-1200
		one	8-12
		oz	75-175
		gm	750-15
		oz	75-175

ITALY

Colombian grass	fair at best	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	OK smoke	lb	600-800
Afghan hash	excellent when found	oz	100-125
Moroccan hash	poor to good	100 gm	300-400
LSD	scarce	oz	100-150
Cocaine	quality up	100 gm	300-400
Speed	available	hit	200-275
		100	3-50-5
		gm	300-400
		oz	45-75
		oz	900-1150
		gm	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

MEXICO

Torreón violet	tremendous high	oz	5-10
Guadalajara	available	oz	80-25
Oaxacan lops	expected soon	lb	5-12
Guerrero gold	slightly dry	oz	75-135
Puebla	short supply	lb	3-5
		oz	50-80
		lb	5-10
		oz	75-125
		lb	4-6
		oz	65-100

THE NETHERLANDS

Senegalese & Congolese	quantity on decrease	oz	50-85
Domestic grass	OK	lb	450-800
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	20-40
Lebanese hash	decent	lb	250-350
Pakistani hash	poor to fair	oz	50-75
Kashmiri hash	excellent	lb	400-575
Hash oil	some Afghani	oz	50-85
LSD	scarce	lb	500-800
Cocaine	fluctuating supply	oz	50-75
Burmese opium	right up there	lb	450-850
		hit	85-110
		100	800-800
		100	1850-2100
		gm	150-225
		oz	75-125
		gm	1300-2100
		oz	3-5
		oz	50-85

TURKEY

Turkish hash	debatable	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	excellent	lb	75-90
LSD	scarce	oz	750-10
Opium	wonderful	lb	100-175
		hit	5-12
		100	500-800
		oz	3-8
		lb	80-85

USA

Contiguous	several types	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	scarce of late	lb	100-300
Top-grade Mexican	poor to fair	oz	75-150
Jamaican	good supply	lb	1000-2000
Commercial Colombian	decent supply, various kinds	oz	20-30
Connoisseur Colombian	just stash	lb	250-400
Hawaiian	ready available	oz	25-40
Thai sticks	rare	lb	275-400
Nigerian grass	fair to good	oz	40-75
Moroccan hash	good	lb	275-500
Lebanese hash	good	oz	175-250
Afghan hash	surfboard slabs, good	lb	15-30
Nepalese hash	some fingers	oz	175-225
Paki hash	just OK	lb	45-60
Lebanese hash oil	potent	oz	500-650
Afghan hash oil	excellent quality	lb	75-100
Honey oil	round	oz	900-1200
THC	mostly blotter, some labs	oz	350-600
LSD	scarce after a long summer	lb	1300-1800
Psilocybin mushrooms	could be better	oz	120-200
Cocaine	many bootlegs	lb	120-185
Quaaludes	soon to be seen	oz	1400-1900
		one	125-165
		100	1500-1900
		oz	25-40
		oz	450-800
		gm	25-40
		oz	500-700
		oz	25-40
		oz	500-700
		one	1
		100	75-90
		hit	1-3
		100	100-150
		oz	35-50
		lb	450-700
		gm	75-100
		oz	1200-1900
		one	1-3
		100	150-300

Alaska

Domestic	soon to be seen	oz	35-85
Regular Mexican	steady supply	lb	425-500
Cocaine	rock and flake available	oz	20-35
		lb	250-400
		gm	75-125
		oz	1800-2200

Hawaii

Kona gold	expected shortly	oz	75-150
Mau	very tasty	oz	1100-1700
		lb	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.



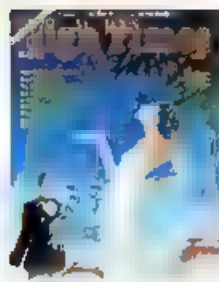
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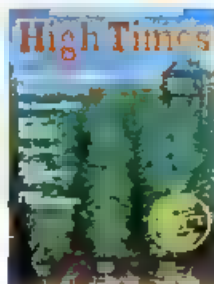
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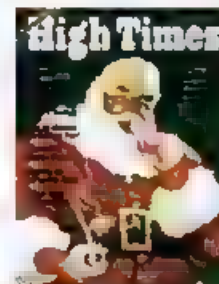
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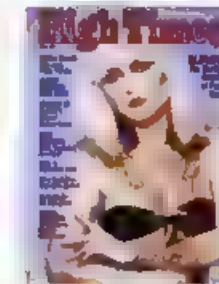
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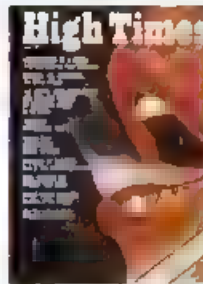
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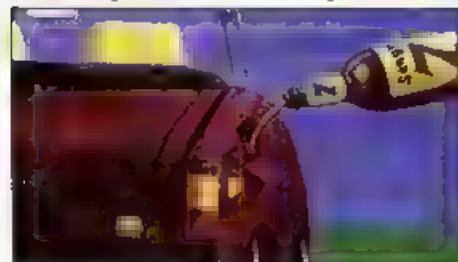
Industry Plans Jobs for Chimeras

Genetic engineers and business heavies are discussing an array of quasi-human mutants to keep the wheels of commerce grinding in the future. Biologists are talking about a class of humanoids called chimeras—chimpanzee/human or gorilla/human hybrids—to do the dangerous or demeaning jobs now performed by poor ethnic minorities. Gleeful tvcoons are already adding up the profits to be reaped by replacing workers with the uncompaining, disposable parahumans foreseen by scientists like Cornell's Bruce Wallace and the University of Virginia's Dr. Joseph Fletcher.

A second possibility involves retailoring of humans by gene implants so they can, for example, inhale poisonous chemicals without losing the company's investment by dying. Dow Chemical has already begun matching genes to jobs by requiring chromosome analyses in pre-employment physicals.

Cars Discover Booze Is a Gas

Technologists in several countries are inventing cheap ways to make alcohol for powering autos. Spirits are already cheaper than inflated oil products in several nations. Brazil, for example, is already in the second year of a ten-year program to supply 20 percent of fuel needs with alcohol from sugar cane. Several Canadian and American research groups are developing cheap methods of extracting alcohol from scrap wood and



other wastes. Alcohol improves mileage when mixed with regular gas, and cars running on a 200-proof mix are virtually pollution free, emitting no lead, sulphur or hydrocarbons.

Thanks for the Memories

A safe, reliable memory chemical is passing all tests in several European laboratories. Piracetam (2-pyrrolidone acetamide, marketed as Nootropyl) enhances learning and recall in normal subjects as well as in aging patients beset by senility. Verbal learning improved significantly for 18 college students after taking the pills in tests conducted by Stuart Dimond and E. Y. M. Brouwers of University College, Cardiff, Wales.

Swedish researchers obtained equally good results on healthy middle-aged subjects at Stockholm's Karolinska Institute. Neither these nor previous studies on animals have noted any side effects. Improved mental alertness set in after about a week of taking 400 milligrams per day. It is not yet known whether the improvement is permanent.

I Left My Heart in Hiroshima

A plutonium-powered bionic heart has been under development at the University of Utah, but reorganization of the federal Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) leaves future funds for the project in doubt. At present, only a nonatomic prototype has been tested in a calf, says organologist Dr. Don Olser.

The capsule that would house the two-ounce chunk of plutonium fuel has been tested point-blank with a .38-caliber slug to make sure the radioactive dynamite cannot escape. The robot ticker will run for over a decade without a surgical refill. It could be ready for humans in five years but no one has yet addressed the possibility of nuclear terrorists robbing oldsters of enough hearts to detonate Chicago or of spontaneous explosions when nursing home populations reach critical mass.

DNA Shuffle Makes Insulin Germs

Scientists have transplanted insulin genes to laboratory bacteria, in early fulfillment of one of genework's promises. A team from the University of California in San Francisco implanted genes from rat pancreases in *E. coli* bacteria. The microbes successfully made copies of the new DNA as they multiplied.

Project directors Dr. Howard Goodman and Dr. William Rutter said that in six months they hope to know how to activate the genes so the organisms actually become insulin factories. This would mean a limitless supply, and hopefully lowered price, for the hormone needed by the world's estimated 150 to 200 million diabetics. Eventually, insulin genes may be transplanted directly to diabetics' pancreases, curing the disease entirely.

How Much Can You Swallow?

Nutritional science took a giant step nowhere as University of Illinois doctors heralded perfluorooctyl bromide, a pill to make your body immune to obesity from overeating. Tested on rats with no apparent side effects, the nostrum prevented weight gain by coating the alimentary tract to prevent absorption of food. Dr. Sarfar Niaz hopes it will be on the market in three years, but conceded that if it blocks vitamins as well as fats and carbohydrates, problems would result.

If the Head Fits, Wear It

A Cleveland brain surgeon predicted he would achieve the first human head transplant within a year. Dr. Robert White conceded that the resulting composite



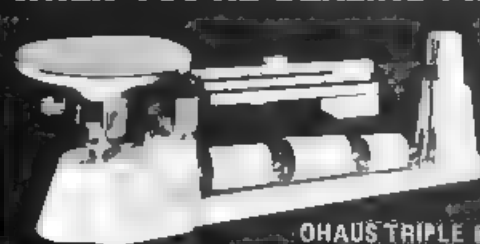
creature would be a completely paralyzed vegetable, unable to respond to any stimuli. Although White didn't specify where the component parts would come from, it is presumed they would be two people with fatal injuries, one to the head and one to the body, who are both near death at the same time. In effect, he said, the procedure would merely be a way to keep the brain alive.

White claimed that he has already transplanted a monkey's brain that lived for seven days, but gave no hint as to what he plans to do with his creations.

Computer Piano Scores Your Hits

Musical technicians have mated the computer and the piano, producing Musicom II, a machine that automatically translates anything played on it into musical notation on a television monitor. The machine's memory lets the composer edit later, then prints the final score on manuscript paper. For a cool \$20,000, the device can also transpose faster than most musicians. The manufacturers, Musicom Ltd. of Playa del Rey, California, are working on a model that will do the same for the human voice and other instruments.

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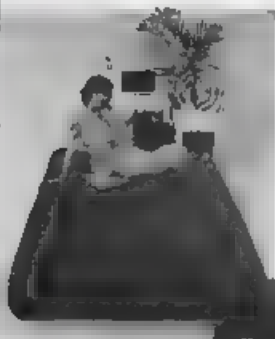
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RICHARD PRYOR'S GREATEST HITS, by Richard Pryor (Warner Brothers BSK 3057).



"I snorted cocaine for fifteen years," says Richard Pryor, today's most notorious young black comedian. "I must have snorted up Peru. I could have bought Peru with all of the shit I snorted. Could have just gave them the money up front and had myself a piece of property. Someone told me that if you put cocaine on your dick, you could fuck all night. Shouldn't have told me that my dick had a jones. Six hundred dollars a day just to keep it hard."

Pryor has a more than sharp comedic mind. He's got a lightning fast delivery that keeps drunken nightclub audiences rolling in the aisles. It's not just Pryor the comedian up there telling jokes, but Pryor the social commentator depicting slices of life in which he acts out all the roles.

His choice of material spans all racial and cultural boundaries and deals with some of the central problems modern man has to cope with: cocaine addiction, sex with black women, sex with white women, black cops, youngbloods trying to be cool singing under the streetlight on the corner, pimps, whores, jerking off.

This is also a good record if you want to brush up on how to talk dirty. The drunken audiences that were used for the recording sessions love to hear someone swear into a microphone. Very risqué.

—Charles Frick

TEENAGE DEPRESSION, by Eddie and the Hot Rods (Island ILPS 9457).



In the early Seventies an energetic bunch of rockers—Brinsley Schwarz, Dave Edmunds and Dr. Feelgood—set out to perform good-time rock 'n' roll on Britain's pub circuit. These bands acquired the label 'pub rock.' Eddie and the Hot Rods are second generation pub rockers. Both the Rods and the pub rockers of the past gained recognition as concert attractions on their long streaks of one-night stands. Fortunately the Rods emerged during the onset of the British punk craze. Because of this unforeseen trend and their exhilarating live

performances, the Rods have quickly clinched a strong following in Britain.

Teenage Depression is their first American release, and it's a killer. But don't let the title fool you. There isn't a disheartening track on the album. The Rods dish out basic roadhouse rock with headlong keenness. Their sound is lean, harsh and aggressive. On the title cut, Barrie Masters barks out lines like "I'm spendin' all my money/And it's goin' up my nose," while main songwriter Dave Higgs belts out Chuck Berry-flavored licks and razor-edged chords. On "Get Across to You," Double Checkin' Woman" and "Get Out of Denver," Masters delivers uncanny speedball narrations with vocal expertise.

All the tunes on Teenage Depression are straightforward rock anthems. The Rods don't mess with any mushy ballad stuff. Their original compositions, which are influenced by Berry, Peter Townshend and John Lee Hooker, contain intelligent lyrics and crisp, rugged rhythms. Besides a volley of knockout originals, the Rods offer four nonoriginal tracks: a refashioned "96 Tears," the aforementioned Bob Seger composition "Get Out of Denver," the Townshend classic "The Kids Are Alright" and a medley of Van Morrison's "Gloria" and the Stones' "Satisfaction"—all recorded live at the Marquee Club in London.

Eddie and the Hot Rods are tough, and Teenage Depression is a riveting celebration of the vibrancy and power of rock and roll.

—John Inelli

24 GREAT HITS, by Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys (MGM MG-2-5303).



Wills wasn't the first practitioner of that southwestern phenomenon known as Western Swing, but he was easily its most definitive, touchstone individual. His charismatic personality, in addition to a forthrightly flowing old-time fiddling prowess, led to a youthful career of barn dance and house party entertaining popularity.

His first band, the legendary Light Crust Doughboys, worked out of Fort Worth and played a blend of swing, blues and cajun. His second band, the original Texas Playboys, including the talents of his brother Johnnie Lee and mellow-voiced Tommy Duncan, went on in various shapes and sizes to reshape, invigorate and streamline country music. Striving for a big band dance style yet incorporating plenty of steel guitar informality, repartee between Wills and Duncan and tunes derived from many genres, Wills forged a formula of informality and intensity that was instantly successful.

In the early and middle Forties, Wills scored for MGM with such hits as "Still Water Runs the Deepest" and "Faded Love," rebelliously broke musical ground

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with inventive reworkings of "St. Louis Blues" and "A Maiden's Prayer" and offered the Southwest and West Coast plenty to dance to with "Boot Heel Rag," "Spanish Fandango" and "Sittin' on Top of the World." All are included here, along with the fatalism of "Bubbles in My Beer," the rhythmic ease of "Playboy Chimes" and the bravura of "I Laugh When I Think How I Cried over You."

Bob Wills always had something to laugh about, even in the midst of the saddest song. Like Fats Waller, Wills had the ability to borrow songs from anywhere—Tin-Pan-Alley, jazz and blues or Broadway—and evolve them into dance band sorties and escapist dialogues all his own. This set makes a nice companion to recent issues on Columbia and Capitol.

—Gary van Tersch

DOCTOR DEMENTO'S DELIGHTS, compiled by Doctor Demento (Warner Bros. 2855). Doctor Demento's debut lip



DOCTOR DEMENTO'S was dumped in the comedy bins in 1975, unhyped and unnoticed. I just found it there, so you probably still can, too. It's a terrific collection of the bizarre one-shot records Herr Doktor regularly plays on his L.A. radio show, "Dementia," cuts that make Demento the life of every party and the envy of every kid on the block.

What other D.J. would defy the FCC to play Napoleon XIV's "They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha-Ha" in these days of obsessive overprotectiveness towards nuts? Who else would waste your time with "Get a Load of This," R. Crumb's Cheap Suit Serenaders' bluegrass salute to Twinkies and RC Cola? Who else would have a copy of the completely rare and wonderful "Who Put the Benzadrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?" recorded in 1944 by boogie-woogie pianist Harry "The Hipster" Gibson? Only Doctor Demento, bless his soul.

Demento does make some concessions to current taste and the tyranny of obvious nostalgia in choosing the songs for *Dr. D's Delights*. If Allan Sherman had to be included, wouldn't "Al and Yetta" or "The Ballad of Harry Roth" be a little more recherche than "Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah?" Reefer Songs didn't come out until 1976, but wasn't Demento purist enough to insist on the original Harlem Thirties recording of "If You're a Viper" instead of the ultra-Sixties rendition by the Jim Kweskin Jug Band? The only Sixties song that does stand up is the Holy Modal Rounders' "Boobs-A-Lot," which goes, of course, "Do you like boobs a lot?/Yes I like boobs a lot." Great stuff.

"The Cockroach That Ate Cincinnati" is here but not Norman Greenbaum's "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago." My pick hit is Doodles Weaver's mangling of

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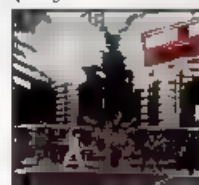
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1 Beatles classic: "Eleanor Rigby eats all the rice, picks up the dice, kills all the mice, raises the price, trafficks in vice/ In the church where her wedding has been..." Sing it. Find it. And buy it.

—Eric Kibbie

MANIFEST DESTINY, by the Dictators (Asylum 7E 1109). In 1975 the Dictators



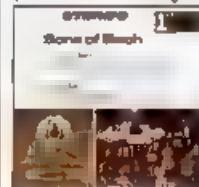
put out one of the most astounding albums you've never heard called *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy* (Epic). In case you're one of the millions who missed it, *Girl Crazy* was a masterpiece. Combining the comic sensibility of Lenny Bruce (and occasionally Henny Youngman) with heavy metal pyrotechnics spectacular enough to clean microwave ovens, the Dictators invented a new form—heavy metal humor. *Girl Crazy* featured the greatest guitar licks, hooks and chops in rock.

The Dictators have survived, but there've been some changes made. Figuring that any band that could be the funniest, heaviest, unknown punk rock band in the world could also be big and famous, the boys—led by the legendary Andy Shernoff and Handsome Dick Manitoba—have attempted a Top 40 album, and they might just get away with it. *Manifest Destiny* may propel them to world fame, nicer apartments and hipper cars.

Manifest Destiny is still a heavy, hard-rocking format, but with some ballads and enough hard-core class-struggle numbers to keep the cult happy. Best cuts are "Disease" ("I am right/I never made a mistake in my life/But unwed mothers/Have got my goat") and "Science Gone Too Far" or "How did you ever break the jar?" There's no stopping them now, so look out kids, here's a group that makes Kiss sound like the Archies. no kiddng.

—Neal Barlowe

SONS OF BACH, South German Philharmonic, conducted by Hanspeter Gmür (Audio Fidelity FCS 50050). It's a rare



surprise to find a masterpiece like this one in what looks like just another baroque diversion. Disc quality is excellent, and the performances vibrate with the panache that makes old music ageless. The scores represent the best of the period when Bach's sons were combining everything their old man taught them with the grateful melodic style of the Venetians. The price even includes a quaint but unidentified cover painting in which toucans, parrots and doves survey jumbled stands and instruments as the musicians take a break.

One of Bach's youngest progeny, Jo-

hann Christian, provides two "chamber symphonies" that are still entrancing as well as historically significant. J.C. was perhaps the first to develop the Italian operatic overture, the *sinfonie avanti l'Opera*, into a self-contained form, from which Haydn and Mozart created the modern symphony a few years later.

The real reason for coping this album is the double concerto by J.C.'s elder brother, Carl Philipp Emanuel. One of the few works to combine the harpsichord with the newly invented piano, the work was among the last C.P.E. ever wrote. It utilizes all that he learned from his father and from a lifetime of listening and composition.

The opening *Allegro* is a grand conception whose abrupt pauses, dangling trills and forceful modulations create a sense of exalted power that foreshadows later generations of Romanticism. In all three movements, intimacies, hidden passages and rewarding details involve the listener in a drama always enhanced by succinctness.

—Gary Stimeking

THE FRONT LINE, by various artists (Virgin VC 503, British import). The definitive reggae anthology is, of course, *The Harder They Come*, with the three-volume *This Is Reggae Music* (Island) close behind in descending order of



volumes. But Virgin's *The Front Line* might just be the most rewarding, since seven of the ten tracks have never seen light in the states. One of these, the title track from U-Roy's second album, *Natty Rebel*, once again helps to explain the mystery of dub music. Even stranger is "Don't Touch I Man Locks," by I-Roy (no relation), which not only makes U-Roy seem calm but reminds one of Tuli Kupferberg's doodlings with *The Fugs*.

There are no love songs here. Politics and revolution are the key topics, with the education of the masses the prime goal. The music, for the most part, is quite adventurous, with engaging guitar lines and some impressive keyboard work, two factors that are rare in reggae. Delroy Washington's chugga-chugga "Freedom Fighter" charges "it's time you got up from your feet," while Johnny Clarke smoothly swoons "Get up and fight for your rights, my brothers/Get up and fight for your rights, my sisters," and means it on the soulful "Declaration of R.ghts."

The Gladiators are represented by two tracks: the antiwar "Know Yourself Man kind" and an almost-classic rocker "Looks Is Deceiving," which recalls the late Fifties and Sixties. Keith Hudson's organ-inspired "Civilization" owes its debt to R&B. It doesn't much matter that some of *The Front Line* artists live in England. Their root doctrines are irresistible and urgent.

—Bob Crossweiner

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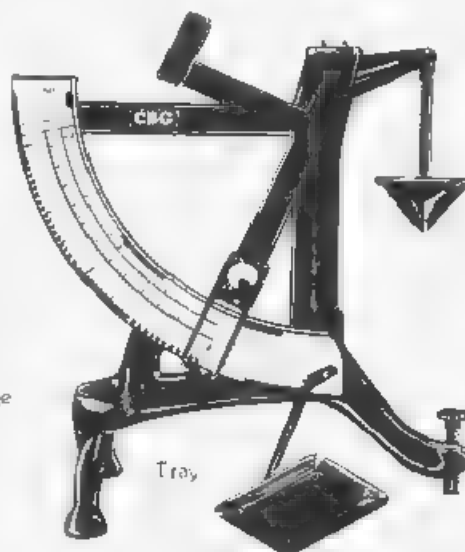
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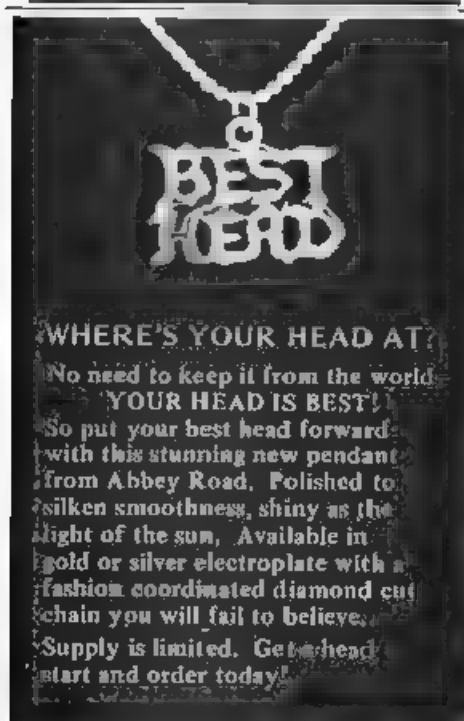
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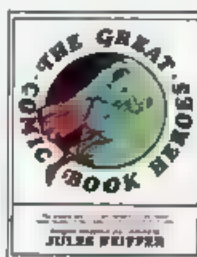
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THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES,
compiled by Jules Feiffer (New York: Dial
Press, \$6.95). Batman and Robin aren't



gay and Wonder Woman is no lesbian. But there may be some truth to the rumors about "a schizoid and chaotic ménage à trois" among Lois Lane, Clark Kent and Superman. These and other hot scandals are

investigated in Jules Feiffer's entertaining expose of comic book Babylon.

Feiffer's expertise on the bizarre eccentricities of carnal knowledge have been well documented in his syndicated Village Voice strip and his myriad of movies and plays. Here he trains his jaundiced but still voyeuristic eye on the eros behind the heroes and the foibles behind the fables. In his role as the Kenneth Anger of the inkwell, however, Feiffer emerges as a saint with ink-stained feet. His obsessive love affair with the comics can only be called four-color fetishism.

The affair began when young Jules would steal away on Sunday mornings to neighbors' homes to read "Puck: The Comic Weekly" in the New York Daily News because his dad had banned Hearst publications from the Feiffer domicile. When actual comic books started appearing on the market, young Jules slaved away on penciled imitations he sold for nine cents apiece to neighborhood kids.

What Feiffer's history may lack in facts he substitutes with wry insight. He says that as a child he cared little about Superman's imitative interloper Captain Marvel because he had long ago learned that saying "Shazam" wouldn't turn him into Captain Marvel as it did for Billy Batson.

The lack of artistic detail in comic books meant purer heroism to Feiffer, as did lack of literary artistry. The art of comics was the art of escapism, as in the movies to which Feiffer often makes reference. Heroes had the look of a Gable or a Cooper; Will (The Spirit) Eisner, for whom Feiffer once worked, was comics' Fritz Lang.

Feiffer traces the literary and artistic origins of comic stylings, and he ends up giving comics a sociopsychological magnitude heretofore lacking in super-hero

histories. Indeed, after his lengthy introduction the comics themselves in *The Great Comic Book Heroes* are almost anticlimactic except for the fact that they're all in full-color, which gives the collector more for his money's worth than any other bound comics anthology. This is the first paperback publication of *The Great Comic Book Heroes* since its publication in hardcover 12 years ago, allowing the less wealthy comic enthusiasts a chance to remember the classics (Superman, Batman, Captain America) and the quarks (Plastic Man and The Spirit).

—Renee Burroughs

STREET MAGIC, by Edward Claffin, in collaboration with Jeff Sheridan (New York: Dolphin, \$5.95). The craft of the



magician is one that has refused to die against all odds. The art of simple illusion has survived as a hobby for suburban eccentrics and as a livelihood for greying conjurers at children's parties and Elks clubs throughout the nation. For young magicians, stages are few and far between and the ones who are serious about their profession and crazy enough not to do something else with their lives have gone to the streets of cities like New York and San Francisco to find their audiences.

In the heyday of the great stage magicians, the work of the "itinerant conjurers" was considered the lowest form of the art, easy sleights-of-hand performed by beggars in the alleys. *Street Magic* is both a history and a defense of these performers, authors Claffin and Sheridan make a strong case that the successful street artists of today, who grab their audiences from noonday office crowds like mythic "visitors from a world of no appointments," are using delicacies of psychology and timing as intricate as any craft a stage magician would use with a controlled theater crowd.

As a history *Street Magic* is delightful encompassing all magic from the "sleights" and ventriloquism of ancient priests to the legendary escapes of Harry Houdini—first performed in the streets as publicity for his stage act—to the work of co-author Sheridan, who held down a spot in Central Park for seven years, a place where the men in the blue suits were in no way ushers.

Street Magic isn't a how-to book. Although many tricks are explained, the emphasis is on the "stagecraft" of the street artist. Any fool can learn a card trick or buy a deck of cards that does its own. The magic is in doing it well, and if Claffin starts babbling the same old stuff about "sense of wonder" toward the end, he's forgiven. Magic, adults tell us, makes children of us all.

—Jim Wheelock

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HOW TO GROW MARIJUANA HYDROPONICALLY, by Patrick Daniels (Sun Magic Publishing, 911 N.E. 45th, Seattle, Wa. 98105, \$3.95). Seeing is believing, they say, and the furry, resinous foliage photographed in this little volume is enough to make you dump a bag of gravel in your toilet or on the book's front cover, even if you're not befuddled by sweet smoke.



You see, the growth needs of plants—carbon dioxide, mineral salts, water and something for the roots to grab—can be more efficiently supplied by people than by nature's hit-or-miss soil-and-rainfall method. Pebbles, gravel, sand or broken brick can anchor the roots. Nutrients can be precisely controlled in solution, and because the plant needs only a minimal root system, most of its energy goes to producing the interesting parts above ground level. Minerals can be made more abundant than in dirt, so minimal indoor space can yield jungle-dense crops.

Getting down to grass tacks, Daniels fully covers the choice of rooting media, containers, lighting, pH balance and automatic or manual feeding methods. He explains why he prefers the paper-towel method of germinating seeds and tells how to plant the sprouts without damaging roots and dwarfing plants. He discusses the best of the commercial nutrient solutions, but shies away from presenting the information necessary if you want to mix your own.

Common problems like spindling, weak stems, mold and bugs are briefly discussed, along with accepted nontoxic remedies. The paragraphs on curing present only one basic style, with brief mention of the dry-ice trick, but if you've gotten that far you'll have a slash of inspiration leading you to new experiments. Superlatively helpful, Daniels's final section is a catalog of apparatus, lights, nutrients and other books, with complete ordering instructions, from another Seattle mail order firm.

—Gary Stimmel

THE SERIAL, by Cyra McFadden, illustrated by Tom Cervenak (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, \$4.95). This book quite literally does in the



ergot-argot, temper-tentra consciousness of Marin County, California, in a manner as pat and addictive as—sorry to have to mention it—Mary Harlan, Mary Harlan, whose format has so swiftly assimilated novel covers in such record quantities that smart editors are moving in to fill the vacuum with serial books. No ripoff involved, just

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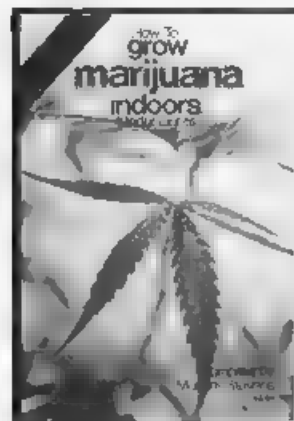


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"Indoor Marijuana Cultivation" by Murphy Stevens
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a wealth of information
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publishing karma. The serial format was after all derived from comic books, which have at last begun slouching a bit, Heilhehemwise.

The first thing you notice about this book is that it reads like a magazine gripwise: the spiral wire binding allows you to always hold it with one hand, standing, if necessary, on a bus. Each chapter has the same short length—short enough to read during a TV commercial—a title and an illustration worth about a thousand words (which is about the quantum of type-space displaced). Who says you can't do an adult picture book?

The writing is as precise and uniformly funny as the best TV sitcoms, which is saying something if you're talking precision, uniformity and humor—which I presume we are.

—Michael Newman

THE LAZLO LETTERS, by Don Novello (New York, *Workman*, \$2.95). Touching is



the word. The phlebotic Richard Nixon takes to his typewriter to write Lazlo Toth citizen. It is a year and some weeks after that sticky August 9 business over eroded political bases. Nixon wants Toth to know King Timahoe is in good health. Checkers, noble beast, has gone to that great lemon ranch in the sky ahead of his time. But Vicki, another in a long line of Nixon dogs, "has been with the family since 1962," the former president writes, "and is amazingly active for her years." So is Toth, who writes a lot of letters to famous people and institutions.

As Don Novello's nom de plume, citizen Toth lifts his pen against every lesser-known chuckhole of life in these derided states. Here is an American who was sticking with Richard Nixon like gum on a Polack's shoe" throughout the final days; a man who had the courage to challenge McDonald's and Howard Johnson's arbitrary egg policies; a man who remembers the simple words of Richard Daley, planting an Arbor Day sapling in Grant Park only a few days after quelling the 1968 Chicago riots: "If those hippies and yuppies were here, they would plant the little tree upside down."

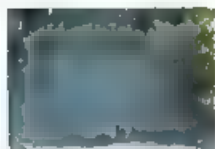
Toth got letters back from all the great Americans: Lester Maddox, Baruch Korff, C.C. Robozo, Frank Rizzo and others who might as well be Americans: Nguyen Cao Ky, Park Chung Hee, Gordon Sinclair and the late great Faisal of Saudi Arabia—"What a King!"

In the letter that secured a picture of his hero Ferdinand Marcos, Toth said and I quote, "It is 'rare' and in some cases medium rare" to have someone of your stature in the world today." The same goes for Lazlo, even if he did take his name from the Hungarian who trashed the Pieta. Fight! Fight! Fight! —Gary Pulka

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we did without it before



Tim K. (store owner) Glendale, Calif
Dear Thai Power,
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customers with no complaints I had to
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phenalia item I've bought in ages



Gary K., Phoenix, Arizona
Hey Guys,
Just wanted to let you know we
cooked up the whole backyard in
your great machine
and are getting ready
to start another
one. Here
I am with
my first
new plant



Nancy G., Detroit, Michigan
Dear Thai Power,
A good name for your machine
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right along with the best of 'em

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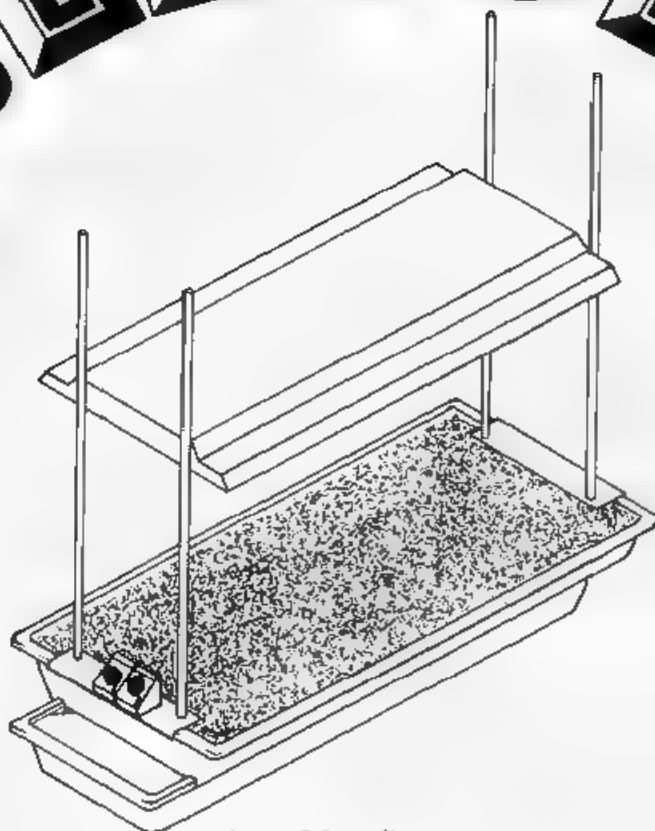
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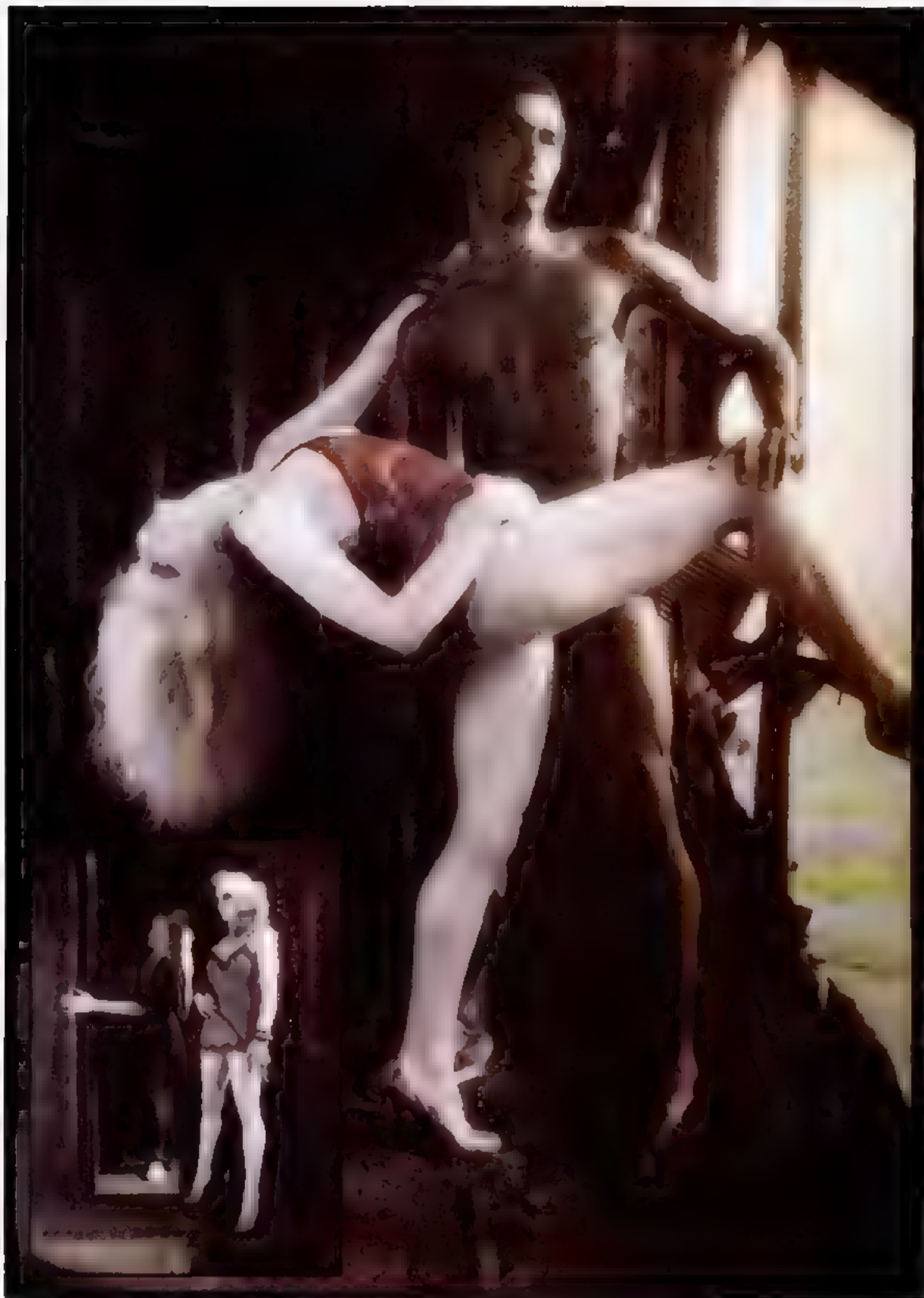


Kinky, kinky, dreamy, creamy underwear is in. Plastic bras and paper panties have gone the way of back-seat sex. Seduction is back in the bedroom, clad in clinging silk, satanic satin. Soft skin breathes hard in low-cut lace. Lewd moods brood in ruche and tulle; soft fabrics make females look feminine; pale tones tame strongmen. Take a chance on romance with diaphanous pants and slips by Fernando Sanchez, America's leading designer of erotic underclothing. Lingerie is for making love.

Photographs by Richard Shagler



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It's in De Feet, Mon

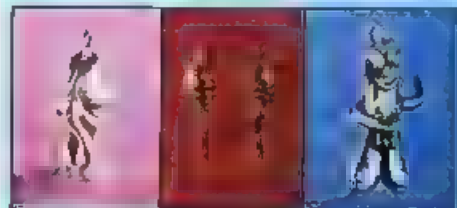
Underfoot transport of illicit substances has long been a favorite among discrete dopers. Podalic stashes, however, do have their drawbacks—foot odor tends to overwhelm the fine fragrance of good dope, and when the lights are dim it's difficult to distinguish Desenex from more costly white powders. Pocket Socks by Keepers, the greatest innovation in footwear since the elevator shoe-phone, solves these problems forever by providing a four-by-three-inch pouch about midway up the calf. Pocket Socks are made of Orlon-acrylic and nylon. One size fits all, and they go for \$2.50 wherever socially progressive socks are sold.



David Oliver

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Steve Cooper



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David Oliver

will clear your sinuses from the tips of your fingers to the balls of your feet. Stenographers have been known to enjoy pen fetishes, and none deserves more affection than the snow pen. It holds up to two grams, and when you remove the bottom it delivers a fine line from both ends, one in blue ink, the other in white gold. Both pen and inhaler from Alpine Creations, \$14.99 and \$9.99 respectively. 8010 Sunset, Los Angeles, Ca. 90046.



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David Oliver

"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor. ☐

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Our Man in Lacy Underwear

Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ducks at sea. This is Richard L. Shaefer, photographer of this month's "High Style" feature on lingerie.

I was born into a family of military migrants, which may or may not explain my transitory photographic style or my unnatural propensity toward interstate flight. I've become greatly disillusioned recently over the dearth of exciting outlets available to the American photographer in print and feel a vast, ruthless shake-up of the existing structure is past due.



Who Turned On Them?

Bruce Eisner was turned on to LSD by his tenth grade chemistry teacher, Dr. Kodimer, in 1964. Peter Stafford was turned on by an article in the Reader's Digest, circa 1958. Together, they wrote "Who Turned On Whom" many trip-years later, having learned just how who did exactly what to whom, where, when and why, by hanging out for a decade with Leary, Weil, Ram Dass, Owsley, the La-

guna Beach boys and all them heavies. Stafford is the coauthor (with Bonnie Golightly) of *LSD: The Problem-Solving Psychedelic* and the author of *Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty* and the authoritative new *Psychedelic Encyclopedia* (And/Or Press). Eisner, an expert on "LSD Purity" (*High Times*, January '77), is at work on the definitive history of acid, the proper use of which he debated here with Andrew Weil a couple of months back in "Chemical vs. Natural Highs" (*High Times*, July '77).

T. Courtney Brown was a product of the baby boom, spent a quiet but meaningful childhood in New York City, and attended Cooper Union for a B.F.A.

After a stint as associate art director of Good Housekeeping, she became the art director of *High Times* magazine in 1975.

Below is Ms. Brown relaxing in the art department during a deadline.



"Would YOU Trust This Woman With Your Magazine?"

Guru Guider

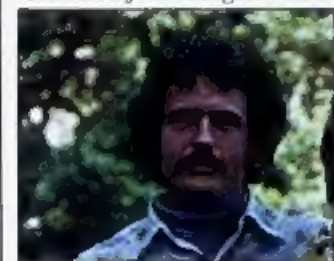
Before he handicapped the top ten gurus for *High Times*, Rick Fields covered the wise man beat for *New Age Journal*, the *Whole Earth Catalog*, *Co-Evolution Quarterly*, the *Shambala Review* and *Parabola*, the mythology magazine of which he's now an editor. Rick's completing a book on *North American Buddhism* for Random House, hoping to sell enough copies to keep him from going back to picking fruit and teaching English to hopeful illegal aliens in Guadalajara. Serves him right for dropping out of Harvard.



Roger R. Ricca

Plant Man

Bob Harris, who wrote and photographed this month's stunning centerfold pictorial on cross-breeding exotic marijuana strains, is a plant-loving vegetarian who majored in mycology (mushrooms) at the University of Oregon. Since



graduation, he's chased magic mushrooms throughout South America, returned to California to write *Growing Wild Mushrooms* and publish mushroom photos in numerous books from the And/Or and Homestead presses and run a mail-order mushroom supply house with his wife, Jennifer. Bob's currently editing books and photographing even more mushrooms, some of which will appear in *High Times* when the time is, er, ripe. ■

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High Times

OCTOBER 1977



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